
CABAL AND LOVE.



CABAL *AND* LOVE,

A

TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
FREDERICK SCHILLER,

AUTHOR OF
THE ROBBERS, DON CARLOS,

CONSPIRACY OF FIESCO, &c. &c.

As love alone can exquisitely blefs,
Love only knows the marvellous of pain;
Opens new veins of torture in the foul,
And wakes the nerve where agony is born.

YOUNG.

SECOND EDITION.

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CABINET LOVE

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THE Tragedy of CABAL and LOVE not being the first translation from the German of FREDERICK SCHILLER, there needs but little to be said by way of introduction to the present piece; as a very full account of his literary pursuits has been given to the English reader in the preface to the translation of the same author's celebrated tragedy of the ROBBERS. Lately, this German writer has dedicated his time to the annals of the historic page; and he has just published an admirable history of the German wars, which, for elegance of style, and critical accuracy in regard to facts, has considerably added to the laurels which he had before acquired.

With the utmost diffidence the translator of the present Tragedy ventures to lay before the public his translation of CABAL and LOVE; conscious of the great defalcation of that spirit, which animates each page of the glowing original. To endeavour to preserve unabated this fervour; to save undiminished the interest of each succeeding incident, all the efforts of the translator have been directed; but he greatly fears

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that a failure in the attempt will be evident to all; especially to those, conversant with SCHILLER's animated pen.—Still, from the real pleasure that the translator has derived from the warmth of fancy, and vividness of imagination in the German author in question, he confesses, that his sole motive in the present publication, proceeds from the eager desire which he has, to make the name of FREDERICK SCHILLER better known to the English reader; therefore, he trusts and flatters himself, that the goodness and candour, which he most earnestly solicits from an indulgent public, will not be denied him.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

COUNT FAULKENER, President, *of high rank at the
Court of a German Prince.*

MAJOR FERDINAND FAULKENER, *his Son.*

BARON MINDHEIM.

MILLER, *formerly a Merchant ; but by repeated losses
obliged to give up trade, and to become Music-master.*

WORM, *private Secretary to the President.*

An old SERVANT, *belonging to the Prince.*

LADY JANE MILFORD, *the Prince's Favourite.*

LOUISA, MILLER'S *Daughter.*

SOPHY, LADY MILFORD'S *Maid.*

Constables, Servants, &c. &c.

CABAL AND LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room at MILLER's House.*

(MILLER at Breakfast.)

MILLER. (*Looking at his watch*)

TIS not so late as I thought it was—still it cannot be long before Louisa returns from church—Poor dear girl!—How my heart feels for her! Much I dread the result of Major Faulkener's attentions to her. Would to heaven she had never seen him! The President, his haughty father, will spurn at a connection, so far beneath the birth of his son—(*pause*)—The thought of this brings afresh to my mind the days that are gone; when, unchecked by adversity, the chief part of my life passed in a comfortable independency: till, within a few years, by repeated losses in trade, (*pointing to the harpsichord, flute, and violin in the room*) I have been obliged to my music for support—(*pause*)—But, soft!—Louisa comes—I forbear to wound her susceptible heart by the sad narrative of my misfortunes.

SCENE II.—Enter LOUISA, as coming from Mass.

Louisa. (Laying down her prayer-book and beads, and taking her father by the hand) Good morning, dear father!

Miller. Whence do you come, Louisa?

Louisa. I come from mass, father—

Miller. That is right, Louisa—It joys me much to find your thoughts so early directed to your Creator—Ever thus, my child; and his protecting arm will shield you from the adverse frown of fate.

Louisa. I must indeed have been unworthy not to have profited by your precept as well as example—But, father, has he not yet been here?

Miller. Who, child?

Louisa. I forgot at the moment that there were other persons in the world besides him—My head is so wild: then my Faulkener has not been here?

Miller. I thought Louisa that you had been at church; and that your heart was all devotion—

Louisa. I understand you, father—I feel the reproach: the monitor here too (*pointing to her heart*) most sensibly feels it; but, (*sighing*) it comes too late: reason has yielded; my heart has surrendered; and love prevails—Alas! I have no devotion left: the heart that once was warm with prayer and thanksgiving; that palpitated with zeal; that swelled, nay trembled with celestial ardour; and glowed with ecstasy supreme, is now dead to all but thee, Ferdinand, thou sole object of my hopes—(*seems fixed in thought*).

Miller. Good Heavens!—What days of bitterness are mine!—Louisa! my child!—She hears me not—She is lost in delusion's dream.

Louisa. (*Still deep in thought*) Oh! where is he now?—My restless mind is ever on the rack, lest I should lose that affection, which I would not exchange for worlds. But have I not cause for this alarm, when I think of the vast distance between him and me?—If I but consider the many women, his equals too, who are daily paying homage to his father, in order to secure a connection with my Ferdinand?—(*pause*) But, fears avaunt!—Do I not know thee, Faulkener? Do I not know thy virtuous mind to be proof against the lures and artifices of our sex?—(*turning to her father*). Father! all is safe: He still is mine; and ever will be so. You fear that his heart may be ensnared by the proud beauties of the splendid court—No, my father, he scorns all grandeur, all pageantry of foolish pomp; and hates every mode of life, where virtue is forgotten.

Miller. You know that I love you—Louisa!—you are my only child; but try, oh! try to forget him.

Louisa. Why so, my dearest father?—'Twas but yesterday that he said to me, "Louisa!—fear not my father's machinations to form for me a connection which may advance himself—You know what my mind requires: the woman whom I will call my wife, must possess thy disposition, thy heart: thine are the qualities, whose influence will last."—Yes—this he said to me; what is there then to fear? This life of mine, Oh! how freely would I part with it, could I

thereby secure to thee, my Ferdinand, a course of happy years——Father! You surely cannot blame me for so saying?

Miller. Blame you, Louisa! Every word that you say alarms me more and more; for I again affirm, he never can be yours—Does not reason plainly tell you so?

Louisa. My dear father, talk not of reason: 'tis the foil of love—But, suppose it for once—Granted—Suppose that all my hopes should be frustrated, I had rather fix my whole soul in secret upon him alone, than consent to an alliance with any other upon earth; for, let what will happen, (*pointedly*) we should still meet—A time will come, my father, when this mighty edifice of distinction will fall; when these bars of separation will be removed; and all ranks be levelled; when every one of us, high and low; rich and poor; great and small, shall be considered as equals—Merit, worth, and virtue will then give us consequence: Nothing else—and he who gains the laurel of reward can never feel it shake; for eternal is bright glory's palm—(*with cool indifference*)—Why then should I care what may become of me here in this transitory state? Oh! what is this poor needle's point of now to a boundless eternity?

Miller. (*running to her and clasping her in his arms*) My beloved girl, my Louisa, check your sweet enthusiasm. Yet such is my affection for you, that I would willingly at this moment breathe my last, to set your heart free from this unfortunate attachment.

[*Exit hastily.*]

LOUISA *alone.*

That clasp of paternal fondness overpowers me quite: amidst the chastenings of the father, I feel the foothings of the friend. All my alarms return—My lately exalted spirits sink—Ferdinand! I fear that our doom is sealed; and that misery is at last our lot—*(hearing some one coming)* But some one comes—'Tis he—Good Heavens!

SCENE III.—FERDINAND *and* LOUISA.

(He flies to her and embraces her—she sinks on a chair quite pale and depressed---They look at each other for some moments without speaking.)

Ferdinand. Thou art pale! my Louisa!

Louisa. 'Tis nothing—'Tis over—Thou art with me *(falling on his neck)*,

Ferdinand. And does my Louisa still regard me? Is her heart still the same? Does it answer to the warm and tender emotions of my throbbing breast?

Louisa. Ferdinand! while this life remains, count on Louisa's love.

Ferdinand. Indeed!—I almost doubt this perfect joy; my peace and comfort are so dependant on thy smiles and happy looks, that, when but the faintest cloud appears upon thy beauteous brow, my heart is sunk in anguish. Methinks, even now, I trace some mark of gloom—Say, my Louisa, why that rising sigh?—And why that starting tear?

Louisa. *(looking at him with great fondness)* Oh!—Why, my Ferdinand, should I conceal my pain from

thee?—Yes, my beloved, my mind is big with apprehension—I consider the difference of our situations in life: You are born to rank and affluence; ill suited to a connection with the daughter of a man of my father's avocation: Think then, on the President's austere pride; think on the reproaches that I have to endure from him: Alas! he will surely part us.

Ferdinand. Part us! Who is to part us? Who is to tear asunder our hearts, whose only division is their lodgement in two breasts? Why this fear, my love? Thou talk'st too of the distinction of my birth; as if it could stand in competition with the brilliant beam of perfection, ever blazoning in thy lovely eye?

Louisa. Ferdinand! thy sanguine temper will not suffer thee to see our dangers as they are: it makes thee disregard thy father's stern commands, which I reflect upon with terror and dismay.

Ferdinand. Believe me, Louisa, I can only dread the deprivation of thy love. Let difficulties and impediments rise between us like mountains, they shall be no more than steps, which I will quickly ascend; and which will lead me to my Louisa's arms: the storm of adverse fate will only encrease my passion: dangers will only reflect additional charms on thee, sole object of my life: banish then all fear: I will be thy guard—Trust thyself to me—I will throw myself between thee and fate: receive for thee every wound; and collect for thee every gem from the store of joy; then bring them to thee with the throb of ecstasy in the chalice of love (*tenderly embracing her*). On this arm shalt thou hang through life; through life shall

our hearts be one ; and when, at last, it shall please thy all-righteous Judge to call thee to thy eternal home, the angels above, who will receive thee, shall confess, that it is love, and love alone, can give a finishing perfection to the purity of the soul.

Louisa. (much agitated) No more, my Ferdinand ! not a word more ! into what a chaos of tumult, agitation, and love hast thou thrown me : the very recesses of my being are invaded ; and I know not how to sustain these trying emotions : Leave me, I beseech thee — In my heart thou hast kindled the very torch of madness, which I fear, never, never can be extinguished.

[Exit Ferdinand, following her with looks denoting great anxiety.]

SCENE IV.—*A Saloon in the President's House.*

The PRESIDENT, *(ornamented with a star, riband, and cross)* followed by WORM.

President. What is that you say, Worm, about my son ?—A serious engagement with a citizen's daughter ?—Impossible !—No, Worm, that you will never make me believe.

Worm, Well, Sir, if you do not chuse to credit my report, I cannot help it ; but your Excellency will certainly find it to be a true one.

President. True !—How should that be ?—That he may have shewn the girl some attention, flattered her, and caressed her, I can readily suppose, and do not blame him for it ; but that he should have any serious views—Pshaw !—Nonsense ! *(with a smile)* I think

you said that she was a music-master's daughter—Ha !
ha ! ha !

Worm. Daughter of music-master Miller, sir, but
endowed with charms, that would eclipse half the
beauties of the court.

President. Well, well!—I am glad at least, that
Ferdinand has taste.—But, Worm, did you not once
tell me, that you yourself had some thoughts of this
great beauty—Now, Worm, that is all very well ; and
I commend your choice ; but I should hope, that you
do not mean to trifle with me ; for, to tell you the
truth, I begin to think that you are a little jealous of
Ferdinand's jokes and liberties with this girl ; and that
you have trumped up this story, in order to serve your
own purposes ; to get the father to interfere, and by that
means to drive away the son ; to see the coast clear—
You understand me, Worm ?

Worm. Your Excellency must pardon me ; nothing
was ever more remote from my thoughts. The whole
account comes from the mother of the family.

President. Take care, Worm, do not carry the jest
too far—You know me—You know that I am furious
when once I am angry ; therefore, do not work me up
to a pitch, with this nonsensical old woman's talk—
You know too, when once I believe a thing, I believe
it obstinately ; and it is no easy matter to root out of
my mind the credit once given—But I have some-
thing for your ear of a totally different nature—(*pause*)
It is very well understood, that the Prince's partiality
for his favourite, Lady Milford, cools apace ; and it is
strongly rumoured at court, that upon the arrival of

this celebrated dutchess, whom I mentioned to you yesterday, and who is daily expected, his Highness will be glad to get Lady Milford clearly off his hands; and will try to form a good connection for her with some one of the first nobility. Now, Worm, though Lady Milford be no more that great favourite of the Prince; yet her influence must always be such, as to secure the first interest and power to whatever party she may be pleased to countenance and support—Therefore, it is my plan, that Ferdinand should pay his addresses immediately to her Ladyship, (who, I know, is rather partial to him) and thereby make me a man of great importance at court, which, *entre nous*, Worm, is what I most wish for on earth.

Worm. A very good plan indeed, sir, but take my word for it, that you will never be able to put it into execution.

President. No?—Well!—that we'll try—It will be the first time, that ever I was thwarted in a design, which I was determined to effect—Go immediately to my son, Worm, and tell him I want to speak to him.—I will inform him this very day of my intention—I shall see by his countenance in one moment, whether your suspicions be well founded or not.

Worm. I will instantly obey your Excellency's commands—but, sir, pray do not mention my name; or the Major will be very much incensed against me.

President. No—no—be assured I will keep your name concealed. But, do you hear, Worm, not a

word about all this to any one in being—silent as the very grave—for, if you prattle (*threat'ning*).

Worm. Then, sir, bring all my falsehoods and forgeries to light. [Exit.

President. (*alone*) I know him to be a downright villain; but he is, nevertheless, of great use to me in many of my schemes—the fellow has a ready wit and an apt conception.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Baron Mindheim, Sir—

President. Bid him walk up. [Exit *Servant*] He comes most *à propos*.

SCENE V.—*Enter BARON MINDHEIM dressed quite en petit maitre; very richly embroidered coat, two watches, chapeau-bas, &c. &c.*

Baron. Ah! *mon cher President*—Good morning!—I hope I see you well—You will excuse me for not waiting upon you sooner; but, *des affaires pressantes*, morning visits, and fifty engagements prevented my seeing you before—Added to all this, those rascals the tailor and the hair-dresser, kept me waiting for them more than a whole hour.

President. But I see you are equipped at last quite *comme il faut*.

Baron. Oh! *Pour cela fiez vous à moi*—but that is not all; another accident, ten times worse than all my other disappointments, befell me soon after—Oh! such a *malheur*, my friend—

President. No, surely—What was it?

Baron. Do but hear—Just as I stepped out of my carriage to pay a morning visit to a lady of my acquaintance, the horses began to kick; and splashed my whole dress with dirt—What could I do? Only put yourself in my situation—Ah! you may laugh—But, curse me, if ever I was in such a trim before—*figurez vous seulement*—There was I besmeared all over—nay to my very hair—in the very dress I put on to appear before the Prince this morning. What do you think that I did? I pretended to be suddenly taken very ill, and that I was going to faint—so they hurried me into my carriage—drove like desperados all the way home—I changed my dress *tout à fait, comme vous me voyez*; and yet got the first into the antichamber—What do you say to that? Was not that being *bien adroit*?

President. Then you spoke with the Prince this morning?

Baron. *Mais sans dante*—To be sure I did—and staid with him half an hour.

President. Indeed!—Then you heard without doubt some news.

Baron. (*recollecting himself*) No—I do not recollect having heard any—I told you, did not I? that his Highness had a most beautiful coloured coat, *verd pistache*.

President. Well then, I'll tell you a piece of information—My son Ferdinand, is soon to lead Lady Milford to the altar—there's news for you.

Baron. What! all settled?—*Diable!*

President. Already signed, Baron, and you would oblige me, by instantly going to her Ladyship, and informing her of my son's intention to do himself the honour of visiting her this evening. You may also let every one know of Ferdinand's determination.

Baron. (taking the President's hand) *Je vous en félicite mon ami*—I will go this moment; and in less than an hour *sans faute* the whole court shall be informed of it. [Bowing, exit.

President. (alone) Yes, yes, I know that, (looking after the Baron and laughing) Ha! ha! ha! Who can say, that these creatures are good for nothing?—Now Ferdinand must consent; else, the whole court will have lied—Thank you, Baron, for this visit---very *à propos* indeed.—I think I hear Ferdinand coming; I shall first try by gentle means and soothing words to draw him into my plan; but, if they will not do, I must be resolute.

SCENE VI.—PRESIDENT and FERDINAND.

Ferdinand. Agreeably to your commands, sir, I have done myself the pleasure of waiting on you.

President. Yes, Ferdinand, I did command; else, I know, that I should not see you half so often as I wish to do—I have observed of late, that the lively and open air, which was wont so to delight me in you, is totally gone—there is an unpleasant gloom upon your countenance, that I cannot bear—You fly from me, your family, and your connections.—Eyes upon

it, son! a thousand follies and excesses at your age are infinitely more pardonable than one lowering cast upon your brow—Dispel all care and solicitude; leave them to me—You know I am constantly planning for your happiness—Give me your hand, Ferdinand; I have always your welfare at heart.

Ferdinand. You are pleased to be particularly gracious to day, sir.

President. To day!—and that with one of your four grimaces too---(*seriously.*) Ferdinand, for whose sake have I ventured in this perilous line of life; and forced my way through thousand nameless difficulties, in order to secure the Prince's heart?—For whose sake am I for ever at war with my own conscience?—Listen, Ferdinand, (I am speaking to my son) for whose sake did I plunge the dagger in my predecessor's breast; and shut my heart against his imploring voice?—A tale which harrows up my very soul—a tale, the particulars of which, the more I try to conceal, the deeper it makes me feel the ever-gnawing gripe of a guilty conscience—Speak, Ferdinand, for whose sake did I all this?

Ferdinand. (*Stepping back with horror*) Surely not for mine, sir!—Surely the bloody reflection of this unheard of outrage cannot fall on me!—For, by the all-ruling God above, 'twere better never to have been born, than to be doomed to answer for such an atrocious deed.

President. Ungrateful boy!—And is it thus you make amends for all my restless cares and sleepless nights? And do you thus atone for the disquietude

raging in my breast?—On me would you have all the burden of responsibility fall?—On me the curse and thunder of the Judge's arm?—Then none of the crime comes to your share, because you receive your honours second hand?

Ferdinand. I confess, sir, my heart dreads no scrutiny upon past deeds—that is the test of truth. Re-act in your own mind that very time; and pronounce your son an accomplice if you can.

President. Take care, Ferdinand, and do not rouse my passion—Do you know, that in your twelfth year you were made Ensign; and in your twentieth, Major. This I procured you by my solicitations to the Prince. You are soon to be much higher advanced—His Highness spoke to me the other day of an embassy abroad—of your being privy counsellor, and of your receiving many other extraordinary honours. To whom are you beholden for all this?—In short, you have the most dazzling prospects before you—Does not this rouse you, and make you prize your good fortune and happiness?

Ferdinand. Not in the least, sir—for your ideas of happiness and mine are as opposite as they can possibly be. Ambitious views, vile plottings, and cabal, fill up the courtier's life—his only bliss proceeds from malice, interest, and gain.—Such joys must for ever meet with envy's bitter dregs and faction's clamorous strife; with falsehood's treacherous voice, and jealousy's livid leer—(with warmth) Thank Heaven! mine is another existence—a different mould of being quite—My pleasure springs from another source—My

ideas are of a nobler and a better kind; they rove through paths of never-fading bliss; and from the heart derive their purest joy. These, sir, are my ideas of happiness; which, while I have life, I shall not change; and, instead of wishing to be decked with blushing honours and exalted power; to be raised by servile means to rank and state; and strut my hour in empty gaudy pomp, my most fervent prayer to Heaven will ever be, not to deprive me of that solid bliss, which can alone proceed from a heart of innocence, and a mind of truth.

President, Bravo! Incomparable!—The first lesson I have had for these last thirty years—'Tis pity, to be sure, that my head is too dull for instruction—But, however, in order to exercise this wonderful talent of yours, I will give you some one, who will have no objection to listen now and then to your eloquence—*(Sternly)* You are to determine—this very day to determine—to marry.—

Ferdinand. *(Stepping back with astonishment)* sir?

President. In a word, then, I have just sent a note in your name to Lady Milford, informing her, that you would this evening do yourself the honour of declaring your intentions. You know she is partial to you.

Ferdinand. *(with increased surprise)* Marry Lady Milford, sir? —

President. Nay no surprises—no starts—the note said, that the marriage was to take place immediately.

Ferdinand. Surprised!---Indeed it is truly ridiculous in me, my dear sir, to suppose you in earnest, when

you can be but in jest; for, would you own yourself the father of that infamous scoundrel, who would consent to marry the Prince's mistress?

President. Would I?—To be sure I would—and what is more, I would marry her myself, were she fifty instead of twenty-three.—Would not you then delight in being my son?

Ferdinand. No, sir, as true as God is my Creator.

President. That is bold indeed—but your rashness I forgive. Ferdinand, I am fixed and resolved upon this matter—Lady Milford must and shall be yours. Do not forget your father's authority and power.

Ferdinand. (animated) Paternal authority I revere—I hold it ever in the utmost awe; and I respect it as the first of laws. But, sir, even this, when stretched too far, becomes an abuse of that hallowed trust, deposited in your hands for other purposes and other ends. Nothing more sacred than a father's authority; and it should be used with a delicate hand. 'Tis not a lawless power, free from all duty and from all restraint—No, sir, the father's duty is as sacred as the son's—A father's power is subject and amenable to the laws of justice and of right: and, when once these laws are spurned, infringed, and overlooked; then is the son's duty by no means violated, if he resists his father's will; and scorns his harsh commands—as, from my very soul, sir, I do yours—

President. (under visible agitation during Ferdinand's whole speech, but suppresses his anger) Rash boy, forbear! nor try my temper more. Do you think, that there is a single man at court: who would not bless his

stars for your chance of success with this glowing beauty?

Ferdinand. Sir, if there be any thing else, which I can do to serve your purposes; to raise you to the very summit of your ambition, even with the hazard of my life, I'll do it—But, as for my honour—that I will never stain—the loss of that I cannot survive.

President. (aside) Now I'll try for the last time—Thy honour, foolish boy?—Is not my very plan formed to exalt that honour, of which you are so jealous; and which you fear will be impeached by a step, the execution of which will raise you to the topmost height of honour; and make your days pass on in certain joy?

Ferdinand. (quite exasperated) Since, sir, I find you really are in earnest; and see that your heart is base enough to strike all nature from your petrified frame; and that you wish me to perform a deed, that would for ever seal my infamy; that would root all honour from my mind; and make me hooted, mocked, and despised, I must unfold my heart to you—Should I e'er wed the Prince's loathsome mistress—Should I e'er lead the strumpet to my bed; and in my ignominy blot her stigma out—Then, sir, oh! then, sweep me from this hated earth—that hour the wretched Ferdinand breathes his last—That hour, with madd'ning pangs he bares his breast, and with a dagger arms his father's hand. (*going*).

President. (stopping him) Not yet, young fool—I have heard enough; and now I have found you out—

But, hearken, fir, Lady Milford expects you. I have given my word to the Prince—Court and city know it by this time—If you mean to make me a liar before his Highness—her Ladyship—the whole court and city—Or, do you hear? (*significantly*) If I come at the bottom of certain stories, that have been told me (*Ferdinand is frightened*) Why, what's the matter? Why so pale all at once?

Ferdinand. (*pale and trembling*) Nothing, fir, I know of nothing—

President. But, I do, fir, and know the source of all your obstinacy and moroseness. But mark me, boy—Obey my commands, and fulfil the engagement of to-night—or, dread a father's wrath! [*Exit.*]

FERDINAND *alone.*

(*Recovering from his surprise*) Dread a father's wrath!—I dread? (*with the smile of self-approbation*) With these heavenly feelings of conscious rectitude? What, if he knows the whole!—that I adore Louisa!—When the heart is sure of being right and of beating in a just cause, it mocks the very suggestion of all fear. The mind-soothing emotions of self-content will ever in the hour of woe, secure our welfare, and preserve our peace—But, I'll to Milford go, this moment go—I'll hold her up a glass, where she shall trace each feature of my mind; and where she shall view each tumult of my soul.—If, in despite of this, she still desire my hand; then, in the face of all the

glittering court; in the full presence of her servile friends; with all her courtiers fawning round; I will reject her with a manly pride—reproach her baseness with an upright zeal; and pay her fondness with the most marked contempt. [Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*Room in Lady MILFORD's House.*

On the one side is a sofa—on the other a harpsichord—Lady MILFORD in an elegant déshabille—She just sits down to play; but finding herself too much unsettled, she rises. SOPHY just coming from a window which looks to a plain, where there has been a review of the Prince's guards.

SOPHY.

THE review is over—the officers are separating; but I see no Major Faulkener.

Lady Milford. Sophy, I don't know what is the matter with me to day—I am not at all well. Then you did not see Major Faulkener. He will take his own time, depend upon it, if he comes at all—I think I shall be better in the air—Go, Sophy, order the swiftest courser to be got ready: I'll ride out for an hour.

Sophy. If your Ladyship be indisposed to day, it would be better not to go out, but to have a small party at home to night—His Highness, I am sure, will be glad to spend the evening here; and, by asking a few other friends from court, you might play a comfortable game at *ombre*, without having the fatigue of dressing.

Lady Milford. (*throwing herself on the sofa*) Hold your tongue, girl, if you cannot say any thing better—

You are much mistaken, if you think me at present disposed to entertain such persons as you talk of—people, who watch every word one utters; and when I perchance say any thing, which in the least degree indicates the warmth of my mind, they stare with their eyes fixed, and their mouths open, just as if they saw a ghost or a hobgoblin. No, no, Sophy, I never said so much to you before; but I am tired of them all without exception—cold phlegmatic beings, who live, 'tis true, but that is all; and drag on an existence, composed of nothing but the daily common course of lifeless scenes, suitable to that order of mortals, who, like them, are clad in apathy. (*She goes to the window*)

Sophy. Surely your Ladyship will except his Highness, who is allowed by all to be not only one of the most graceful, but also one of the most accomplished men ever seen.

Lady Milford. And you don't know, child, that every thing said and done by the Prince, is by the oily tongue of flattery, stiled the all-perfect and the all-complete; however deficient and vague such things may in reality be. You are but little acquainted with the swarm of sycophants, with which courts are constantly surrounded. You tell me, that I am an object of envy to almost every one; whereas, knew they but all, they would think me worthy of their pity. What are to me the Prince's grandeur and his tinsel pomp?—Though he can turn a wilderness into a very Paradise; and can cause even rivers to roll with gold, like Cræsus' Pactolus of old, can he command his heart to beat—his soul to glow and soar? Can he change his

lethargic nature? Can his inanimate and clay-cold mind answer to the heart-glowing emotions of passion's rapturous warmth; or satisfy the beating pulse of love's soft gentle fire?

Sophy. Pray, Madam, how long is it, that I have had the honour of serving your Ladyship?

Lady Milford. A very fair question, Sophy—because I find this is the first day you ever knew me. It is true, I have sold the Prince my honour; but, my heart I have ever kept free—a heart, Sophy, perhaps well worthy of the efforts of many a man to possess—for, it is as yet only tainted by the poisonous breath of the court, as steel or glass, which is but overcast; and quickly re-assumes its pristine lustre. Believe me, I should long ago have shaken off this mighty Prince, had my pride and ambition given me leave to yield my rank to any woman at court. But, I see you seem surprised at what I say—perhaps I have said too much; for to day I know not what I say—if so, let me tie your tongue with confidence; and may you once feel for your wretched mistress!

Sophy. I hope, madam, that you never yet have had cause for distrusting me; and I flatter myself that it is needless to renew my assurances of the most steady zeal in every thing which concerns your Ladyship's happiness.—But, madam, (*with diffidence*) this ambition, this pride—are they so difficult to suppress, if you find that they lead to nothing but vexation?

Lady Milford. We women have but two things to choose—to command or to obey—but, the highest delight of power is nothing, a mere bawble, if unattended by

that bliss sublime, that joy supreme, of being at the same time slaves to the man we adore. As for the foolish sway of the sceptre, which has lately fallen to my lot, I have ever looked upon it as a child's play. But, Sophy, whilst I have been the envy of every eye, have you not observed the wild agitation of this panting breast? — The restless troubles of this fiery bosom? — Did you never think them indicative of other wishes and desires? Did they not discover a heart, torn with anguish and with rage? A mind teeming with projects, impossible to fulfil?

Sophy. (*quite surprised*) Madam!

Lady Milford. (*animated*) But, have a little patience—he may still be mine—I'll disappoint them all; and then revenge myself—The man, whom I have ever uppermost in my thoughts—whom I do worship, idolize, and adore—that man, Sophy, I must call mine, or ——— Heaven knows what else must be — Oh! let me hear from his lips, that the starting trembling tear of love more finely glitters than the diamond's blaze—then, oh then! before the Prince's feet I'll hurl both sceptre, heart and all; and with this man I'll fly to earth's remotest bounds—But hear still more.

Sophy. Madam, I am grieved at what I hear.

Lady Milford. Faulkener is this man—Know that the marriage with him, which I spoke to you about—that you and all the world suppose to be Court *Cabal*—(*Sophy, blush not for your mistress*) is only the result of my boundless *Love*.

Sophy. Heavens! Can it be possible?

Lady Milford. 'Twas all my contrivance, Sophy—'Twas I, who invented the report of a celebrated Dutchess coming to court to supplant me in the Prince's affection; and that his Highness would be glad to get me off his hands—Oh! 'twas a noble plan, and hitherto it has admirably succeeded; but the grand matter is still to come—the interview with Faulkener. Would to God it were over!—Thus, Sophy, have I played with these state puppets—these mighty sirs are by a weak woman's arts o'erthrown; and thus they will lead to me—to my very arms, the man of my heart. If I once have him—once call him mine; then an eternal farewell to the vile and detestable splendour of deceitful courts.

SCENE II.

Enter an old SERVANT belonging to the Prince; in his hand a case of jewels.

Servant. I come with his Highness the Prince's respects to your Ladyship. He requests your acceptance of this set of jewels.

Lady Milford. (having opened the case) And pray, what might his Highness have given for these inestimable jewels?

Servant. (with great agitation) They do not cost him a single shilling—

Lady Milford. Are you mad? Nothing?—But, what is the matter, man, that my question calls forth tears from your aged eyes?

Servant. Yesterday seven thousand young men were sent to America—they pay for them—(*weeping*) I have two sons amongst them.

Lady Milford. (*taking his hand*) But still friend, I hope volunteers—they were not compelled to go

Servant. All by compulsion, Madam—They were led away yesterday, just after your Ladyship and his Highness took a ride out of the city gates—No sooner were they all counted over, and their names taken down, than “Huzza for America”—was the dreadful word all over the plain—The trumpets were ordered immediately to be sounded, and the city drums to be beaten, in order to drown the shrieks and cries of the poor young men, torn from their parents at an instant’s call;—bride and bridegroom parted by the pointed bayonet and drawn broad sword;—father and child separated by the inhuman threats and oaths of some bloody-minded corporal—In short Madam, language is inadequate to the description of the most shocking and barbarous scene, that ever was witnessed by mortal man.

Lady Milford. A curse upon the jewels—I reject them:—In my heart they blaze like the forked flames of hell—But, my good friend, be comforted—these youths will all come back again to their native home.

Servant. Heaven alone knows that, Madam—Just as they were out of the city, they all looked back; and with one voice exclaimed—“God bless you Father! Mother! at the last day we shall all meet again.”—

Lady Milford. (much affected) I say, my honest man, you shall have your boys again.

(Servant is going; but on Lady Milford's throwing into his hat a purse of gold, he returns.)

Servant. (laying the purse on the table) Lay it to the rest I'll have none of it. *[Exit.*

Lady Milford. (much affected she walks up and down the room in thought) Sophy, was it not said generally some weeks ago, that in a neighbouring town, there had been a fire, which had ruined three or four hundred families?

Sophy. Yes, Madam, but how does your Ladyship come to think of that now? Most of them are at work at the mines.

Lady Milford. (rings a bell and a servant enters) Desire my treasurer to carry these jewels instantly to one of the first jewellers; and let the produce be equally distributed among the unfortunate families who suffered by the late fire. *(Exit Servant.*

Sophy. Does your Ladyship forget, that you will thereby incur his Highness's utmost displeasure?

Lady Milford. (laughing) Ha! ha! ha!—and what is that to me?—Would you have me wear the curse of the whole land in my hair?—Or, would you have me sink beneath the weight of the tears which they must inevitably have caused?—Silly girl! do you not know, that, in exchange for them, I shall have more brilliants and gems, than are to be found in the diadems of an hundred crowned heads?

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Major Faulkener, Madam.

Sophy. Heavens! Madam, what's the matter?—You seem alarmed.

Servant. Should I deny your Ladyship?

Lady Milford. Desire the Major to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] *Sophy,* don't I look sadly?—You had better go—for he will not like the presence of a third person (*Exit Sophy.*) Oh! these wild throbs!—they oppress me quite.

SCENE III.—FERDINAND and LADY MILFORD.

Ferdinand. (*very coolly*) If I am guilty of any intrusion, madam—

Lady Milford. (*visibly agitated*) Not in the least, Major Faulkener.

Ferdinand. I wait upon your Ladyship by my father's desire—

Lady Milford. I acknowledge myself obliged to him.

Ferdinand. And am commissioned to inform you, madam, that we are to marry immediately—Such is my father's will.

Lady Milford. (*with increased agitation*) Not yours, sir—and is that all you have to say Major Faulkener?

Ferdinand. By no means, madam, I have something more to add; but I shall be brief.

Lady Milford. Will it not be agreeable, sir, to be seated?

Ferdinand. Most willingly, madam, (*drawing forward the sofa*) Give me leave to observe to your Ladyship, that I am a man of honour—

Lady Milford. Whose character, I know, claims my highest esteem.

Ferdinand. And a soldier.

Lady Milford. No better in the service——But, sir, you speak of qualities, that others possess in as eminent a degree as yourself.—Why are you silent in regard to other advantages, in which you stand unrivalled?

Ferdinand. (coolly) Because, madam, I see no occasion for the mention of them here.

Lady Milford. Pray, sir, how am I to understand this?

Ferdinand. (with pointed expression) As the voice of wounded honour, for wishing to obtain my hand by force—as the dictates of my heart—of justly offended pride—and as the language of this sword.

Lady Milford. That sword was given you by the Prince.

Ferdinand. I must beg your Ladyship's pardon—I obtained it of the State through the hand of the Prince. My pride and honour I had from my birth and character—My heart from God.

Lady Milford. Who disputes it, sir? Who is not sensible of your bravery and honour as a soldier; and of your distinguishing amability as the domestic man?

Ferdinand. Lady Milford, there is nothing more difficult to find out than the real ingredients of characters and minds; for, often, very often, those persons, who pass in the eye of the world for upright people; and who are famed for their steadiness of conduct, are in reality by no means deserving of the credit given them;

and, were their private manners of life brought to view, they would probably be found highly censurable.—My ideas of comfort and felicity are very little known; and may appear to you very singular—but, such as they are, I am persuaded they are too deeply rooted in my mind, ever to admit of any change. The busy bustling life of courts I much dislike; their empty pomp and grandeur I despise; and only look to that mode of life, where virtue and integrity are caressed.—Having fulfilled each duty incumbent on me as a Christian and a Man, I consider all the rest with the utmost indifference—Therefore, I think it dangerous for me in the extreme, to form a connection, where solid joy and peace are scarcely known; where pure and stable comforts are contemned; and where principle and rectitude will meet with cold neglect and no return.

Lady Milford. Major Faulkener, this I have not deserved from you.

Ferdinand. (*catching hold of her hand*) Your pardon, madam, we are alone—the subject, the circumstance, the occasion, that brings me hither—all, all justify, nay force me to speak thus freely to you; and to open to you the very recesses of my heart—for, does it not shock even the most common mind, to see you so far forget yourself; so deplorably humiliate yourself in the eye of the world; and above all, in your own eye—thus to remove every sacred band of restraint—thus to burst and violate the hallowed laws of decency and decorum—thus to unlock the very springs of modesty

and reserve ; and with unguarded warmth to rush into the arms of a dull heavy Prince, who knows not to value in you aught but your mere sex, which, having once rapaciously enjoyed, he will whistle you off his hands ; and see you then eclipsed in never-ending shame, stained with infamy's eternal blot.

Lady Milford. (*scarcely able to support this speech, during which time she makes frequent attempts to rise, but is as often prevented by Ferdinand, who immediately catches hold of her hand.*) Have you done, Sir ?

Ferdinand. Nay, Lady Milford, but to drag on this hated life—to plunge with ardour, as you do, into this chaos of vice and sin ; to dive into this ocean of impurity and defamation :—Is it not the very height of female weakness and depravity—rank, wanton passion—foul propensity to pleasure and desire ?—You call yourself a Briton too—Make it appear so.—You a native of that far-famed isle, for elevated acts of worth renowned ?—Impossible ! a nation, proud of itself ; and justly so—And can an Englishwoman, doating on the virtue of her native home, so sink herself, as to be attached—to cling to the vitiated morals of our foreign climes ?—(*with increased animation*) You a Briton ?—You a free-born native of the freest country under Heaven, and sell yourself for———(*looking at her with ineffable contempt*)—let me not say for what ; lest every noble mind in Britain's fair domains, like Ferdinand Faulkener here (*striking his breast*) should, with an honest pride, spurn and reject Jane Milford's heart and hand—Madam, I have done.

Lady Milford. (with both mildness and dignity) This is the first time, Major Faulkener, that any one has ever dared to hold such language to me; and you are the only man, whom I would deign to answer. — For rejecting my hand, I esteem you — For calumniating my heart, I pardon you. Whoever presumes to offer an affront of this kind to a lady, who has it in her power to ruin him in a day's time, must either have lost his senses; or must give her credit for great elevation of mind:—But you have roused all the Englishwoman in me; and it is but a debt due to my country, to make you a suitable reply.

Ferdinand. Madam, I am all attention.

Lady Milford. Hear then, sir, what I have never yet disclosed to a single person in the world; nor ever will to any other, whilst I am in being.—I am not the wild adventurer you take me for—I could talk big, and boast of old and noble blood; for I am lineally descended from the unfortunate Thomas, duke of Norfolk, who in the year 1572, fell a sacrifice in the cause of hapless Mary, Queen of Scots. My father was accused of treacherous intelligence with the court of France.—He was by a decree of the Parliament of Great Britain condemned, and was accordingly beheaded—All our estates became forfeited to the Crown; and we were obliged to fly our country—My poor dear mother died on the very day of my father's execution. I was left an orphan, fourteen years old—came to Germany, accompanied only by an aged governess—a case of jewels our only means of subsistence; and this family cross, hung around my neck by

my dear mother's hand. (*taking the cross from her bosom.*)

Ferdinand. (much affected by this narrative.)

Lady Milford. My health injured by incredible fatigues—deprived at once of my fortune, and of all my dazzling expectations;—without protection, and devoid of friends:—my mind oppressed with ills too weighty to support, I arrived at Hamburg—I had never learned any thing but a little French and music; therefore, there was nothing, that I could turn my hand to, in order to satisfy the calls of penury and want; save this sole casket, which contained all our treasure, and our whole resource—Six years thus passed in wretchedness and distress—At length the last jewel went; and, as if the measure of my woes was not yet full, and aught was still wanting to complete my fate, my sole surviving friend on earth, my aged governess—she, who reared me from my infant state, watched all my years, and trembling viewed my griefs—she, who even in my bitterest days was all my mind could wish—even this last source of comfort, by the inexorable and unsparing hand of death was torn from me—Then was I left in the wide world defenceless and forlorn—Not even the correcting power of time could alleviate the severity of this last blow, or sooth my aching breast—At this time, fate, adverse fate, brought your Prince to Hamburg—Once upon a summer's eve, I do remember well; I walked along the cooling shore, and, fondly musing on the Allster's banks, I saw the Prince approach me—He threw himself at my feet; swore he had seen me often, and avowed the tenderest passion for

me----The picture of my happy childhood now struck my fancy with seducing brightness and resistless force,—my dark and lamentable prospects of futurity now appeared in their most gloomy form---pleased with the Prince's captivating air,—he with a melting voice imploring me to listen to his vows,—and my warm heart susceptible of love---all, all disarmed my youthful mind of prudence and of thought—I could no more, and sunk into his arms. (*much affected*)

Ferdinand. Heavens! Madam, what do I hear?----Is it possible?----How can you pardon the unparalleled affront that I have offered to your Ladyship?

Lady Milford. Was it wonderful, that, thus situated; exposed to temptation, unguarded by wisdom, I should forget first the restraints of prudence, then the obligations of virtue?---The Prince thus took me by surprise; but the blood of the Norfolks revolted within me, and seemed to call to me---“Jane, born of British blood, and now a Prince's concubine!”—Pride and fate were struggling in my breast, when the Prince brought me to this place, where I was doomed to witness a still more tremendous scene---Like the false fierce Hyæna, that with voraciousness and cunning seeks for its destined prey, so did I see the nobles of this land satisfy their pampered taste---To gratify their voluptuousness, (who could have thought it?) the very dictates of feeling and humanity were obliterated by these tyrants--the laws of nature were inverted---the close and sacred ties between father and child were torn with violence asunder; till even all nature was alarmed and startled

at their unheard-of crimes----'Twas mine, Faulkener, to step betwixt the tyger and the lamb; and from the Prince to force an oath, a sacred oath, that tyranny should cease, and that humanity should reign again!

Ferdinand. Did you, Madam?---Oh! 'twas heavenly in you; and may your efforts meet their just reward!

Lady Milford. I thought these execrable deeds were past, and peace again restored; but this day I hear, that they have recommenced afresh---But listen---Not long after my arrival here, the city swarmed with Parisian coquettes, who came to gain from me the Prince's heart; and some succeeded for a little space, during which time they swayed the sceptre, and by their folly and caprice, caused much blood to flow---but soon their reign was o'er—I saw them sink before me—I alone prevailed—I took the reins from off his Highness's neck, and guided him aright—He owned my wisdom; and with applauding smiles reposed in my embraces——'Twas then your country first felt and perceived redemption's hand—(*she pauses, then looks at him with tenderness*) Oh! that the man, to whom alone I wish to be known, must force me thus to boast, and annul my virtue, by holding it up to the light of admiration!—Faulkener! Faulkener! I have burst the very prison bars---have torn even death-warrants---it has been mine to pour the healing balsam into wounds deemed incurable; and to aid the cause of the innocent, thrown into distress for want of protection and support---And now, that man comes to accuse me, who alone can reward me----that man, whom perhaps my exhausted fate has at last created to atone for all my

sorrows past---that man, whom in my dreams already I embrace, and clasp to my heart with passion's trembling warmth.

Ferdinand. (*greatly agitated and stopping her*) No more---not a word more for Heaven's sake; or I must leave you this moment, tho' I have offended you beyond all hopes of pardon---But spare me now.

Lady Milford. (*in the softest tone of voice, catching hold of his arm*) Should an unhappy miserable wretch, oppressed with the consciousness of her shame; and shuddering with horror at the retrospect of her past crimes---Should a penitent sinner, labouring with the burden of her profane and impious life, feel herself at once sublimely elevated by the animating call of virtue; and thus throw herself into your arms (*eagerly rushing into his arms*) for deliverance, in order to be led back to that path of rectitude, which she has unguardedly deserted; and to be restored to that Heaven, forfeited by her guilt and imprudence; can you start back from that fervid bosom, glowing with passionate warmth---Can you, I ask, by so doing, drive such a one, in sad obedience to despair, to plunge and riot still deeper in the vast and boundless ocean of infamy and vice?---Can you willingly cause a hapless being, (daring even the face of the Almighty, and shutting her heart against all-self admonition) to rush at once into the immense torrent of irreparable ruin and destruction; and scorn the thoughts of eternity's, tremendous scene (*much affected and with great emotion*)--You talked just now of Christian duty---Faulkener awake!--Be not the man of words.

Ferdinand. (rising in great agitation) Madam, in honour I can hear no more—I must make you a free and open confession of a circumstance, which, did you but know, you would cease to wound me with solicitations I can never grant.

Lady Milford. Not now—Not now, by all that is sacred I cannot hear it now—My afflicted heart is bleeding with a thousand stabs—Be it life, or death, I cannot hear it now ! *(going)*

Ferdinand. (taking hold of her arm and pressing her to stay) Indeed, Madam, you must ; you must hear what I have to say ; for, it will not only apologize for my blamable conduct towards you ; but will be a sufficient mitigation for all, that is past—I have been much mistaken in you Lady Jane—I expected, and hoped to find you an object for my contempt—I came hither, determined to excite your fiercest hatred and resentment—Happy had it been for both, if my plan had been crowned with success—for, be not surprised, if I disclose to you a secret, and acquaint you, that my heart is engaged *(Lady Milford starts back in anguish)* Yes Lady Jane, my affections are rooted ; and my soul hangs with idolatry on my angelic Louisa—Be not displeased ; for I am blessed, when I further tell you, that she is not of rank, but the daughter of Miller, that unfortunate old man, who from losses in trade, now turns to his musick for support.

Lady Milford. (clasps her hand in astonishment, and walks away from him,)

Ferdinand. (following her) Your looks denote astonishment ; and you seem to think, that both reason and

sense should have taught me to overcome a passion, so beneath my birth---If so, I say, that duty claims a previous thought ; for I alone was culpable----'Twas I, who first disturbed her golden days of peace;----Even now she dreads the great disparity between us ; and will not yet consent, that I should lead her to the altar, and call her ever mine----Does not the voice of duty loudly call upon me, to fulfil her sacred will ; and quickly to restore the lovely maid her wonted peace of mind——This can never be, until she is wholly mine ; and Lady Jane, it must be done ; for, need I ask, what is cool reason to resistless love ?

Lady Milford. (with the expression of great affliction) Major Faulkener, you are going to precipitate yourself, me, and a third person into irrecoverable ruin.

Ferdinand. Yourself, me, and a third person ?—I do not understand you, madam.

Lady Milford. Then mark my words : (with pointed expression) We must all infallibly be victims to your father's fatal precipitancy—My passion gives way to my tenderness ; but my honour cannot. Our marriage is by this time the talk of all the land.—The indignity, the affront, which I suffer, in being rejected by a subject of the Prince, are indelible—All eyes are upon me—Already envy triumphs ; and her sneer is fixed.—Manage you matters with your father as you please—only remember, that I shall move heaven and earth, to avert the shafts of ignominy and scorn, which with fury and spleen will be hurled against my stigmatized breast.

[Exit in violent agitation, Ferdinand, quite confounded, following her.]

SCENE IV.—*The Scene changes to a Room in MILLER'S House.*

LOUISA *just rises from her harpsichord, and is going to leave the room; but meeting her Father just entering, she says to him,*

Louisa. Has not the Major been here within these three hours?

Miller. No, child—I have not seen him; and, from my love to you, I say, that I most sincerely wish, that he would never enter these doors again—Hush!—I think I hear him now coming up.

SCENE V.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferdinand. *(entering frightened and out of breath)* Has my father been here?

Louisa. *(alarmed)* His father?—Gracious God!—What will become of us?

Miller. Let him but come.

Ferdinand. *(eagerly embracing Louisa.)* Thou art mine, Louisa; were even the celestial powers to intervene—Oh! let me once more repose upon that heavenly breast.—Such an hour is just now past.—Oh, Louisa! it was a terrible one.

Louisa. Oh, speak!—What hour!—Let me but know the worst.

Ferdinand. An hour, my life, when 'twixt my heart and thee, did a third person force her powerful way—

an hour, when my own conscience checked me for my love—an hour, when my Louisa ceased to be all my bliss on earth.

Louisa. (*she sinks down on a chair quite depressed*)

Ferdinand. (*pauses and fixes his eyes on her with extreme fondness*) No—never—never, Milford, you ask too much.—No—by the eternal God above, I will not violate my oath, which warns me like Heaven's own thunder, through that fading eye.—Milford look there! and wonder, if you can—There fix your eyes, if you dare own a heart of feeling—And you too, unnatural fire! hither direct your austere looks; then bid me, if you can, lead this heavenly lamb to sacrifice and fate.—That bosom you would have me turn into a scene of hell—But I will thwart your narrow schemes—defeat your malice, and confront your rage (*with animation*)—Yes, I'll conduct her to the throne of God; and the all-righteous Judge will there attest, that, passion, founded as mine is, forms the grand ultimatum of all earthly bliss.—Courage, my beauteous love! I return triumphant from the perilous strife.

Louisa. Something lurks beneath those words—I dread the event—But tell me all—Declare the sentence, awful tho' it be; and, unrepining I'll submit to fate.—Thou spokest just now of Lady Milford—I fear to ask it—But what of Milford's name?—I am told she is going to be married.

Ferdinand. To me, Louisa—such is my father's will.

Louisa. (*pauses, then with the deepest anguish*) But why this tremor and surprise?—The old man told me long ago I never could be thine; but I believed him not (*she runs weeping into her father's arms*). Father, take back your daughter to your indulgent arms.—Pardon, dear father, the fault was not your child's.

Miller. My Louisa! my child! my only child!—(*turning to Ferdinand*) Oh, Major! Major! What wretchedness have you not entailed on my poor aged head!—See there, (*pointing to Louisa*)—How altered from her former self! How sunk beneath sharp sorrow's blighting blast!

Ferdinand. But it will soon be over—for, all my father's plans I will soon counteract, and restore to you, old man, peace and joy. (*going*)

Louisa. O go not now—but stay—Did'st thou not say thy father would be here?—Oh, do not quit us in this dreadful hour.

Ferdinand. (*taking Louisa's hand*) As I do hope for mercy on my soul, and wish for pardon in the hour of death, hear and receive my hallowed oath—that, that moment, which separates these hands, unlinks also the chain of existence between the world and me. (*looking rather wild*).

Louisa. Hold! be not rash—thou tremblest and art pale—thine eye-balls roll—Ferdinand, look not so, thou terrifiest me.

Ferdinand. Fear not, Louisa, I do not tremble; nor am I pale. If my eye-balls roll, they do but tell thee that my mind is fixed. Heaven has not a more exquisite, nor a more admirable gift to make, than

those precious and delightful moments; when the heart, pent up, and struggling with its pain, is by some blessed and unheard of grace relieved.—That was just now my case. Now to my father—(*going, he meets the President, who just enters.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter PRESIDENT *with a retinue of Servants.*

President. (*entering*) Oh, there he is.

Ferdinand. In the house of innocence.

President. (*turning to Miller*) Are you the father?

Miller. My name is Miller.

Ferdinand. (*speaking to Miller*) You had better lead Louisa out of the room; for I am afraid she is very ill.

President. There is no occasion for that—I'll go to her—(*to Louisa*) How long have you been acquainted with the President's son?

Louisa. That is a question, sir, which I have never asked—Major Faulkener I have known since last November.

President. Has he ever given you any assurances?

Ferdinand. Of the most sacred kind, some minutes ago, invoking Heaven to attest my hallowed vows.

President. Will you be silent, sir? (*to Louisa*) I wait for a reply.

Louisa. He has sworn me love.

President. Did you accept of his rash oath?

Louisa. Our vows were mutual.

President. As is usual with girls of your dissolute line of life.

Ferdinand. (in a rage) Hell!—What was that?

Louisa. (with dignity) Major Faulkener, now you are free.

Ferdinand. Sir, let me tell you, tho' I see you know it not, that, virtue, even in the beggars garb, commands respect.

President. Very pretty indeed!—the father is to respect the son's mistress!

Louisa. Heavens and earth!—Is it come to this?

Ferdinand. Sir, you had once a life to ask of me—It is now paid. From this hour all obligations of filial piety are cancelled.

Miller. (coming forward) Your Excellency must give me leave to say, that I think your conduct in my house exceedingly improper and highly blamable.—Hitherto I have been silent; but, if I witness a single affront more to my child, I shall forget the difference between us; and give her that protection, which becomes her father.

President. (enraged) Rascal! Villain!—What do you mean by this impudence to a man of my character?—But I'll soon manage matters for you, depend upon it.

Miller. (indignant) Rascal? Villain?—Sir, do you imagine, that this language becomes you?—Or do you think, that it adds to your dignity or station?—If so, I pity you, Sir; and look with sovereign contempt on the man, who is incapable of feeling his superiority which is the mere result of adventitious chance, without the low despicable insolence of triumph.

President. (to some of his servants) Get some constables immediately—[*Servants exeunt*]—(walking about the room in a rage) To prison with that old varlet—to the pillory with the girl—Justice shall satisfy my wrath; and this affront shall be dearly paid for.—That such a scoundrel should counteract my plans!—Damnation!—Shall these wretches go unpunished for setting thus the father against the son?—No—the whole race—father, mother, and girl, shall be victims to my vehemence, and rage.

Ferdinand. (his eyes constantly fixed on Louisa with great anxiety) Be not afraid—I am with you. I will see no force or violence used against you. (turning to his father) Be not too hasty, sir. If you have any regard for yourself or me, use no violence. There is a place in my heart, where the name of father has never yet been heard; I pray you, sir, press not there—pierce not the regions of that sacred sphere; lest, unawares, and quite thrown off my guard, I utter things—then, sir, nature will shudder at unthought of crimes, committed by a man, reputed just.

President. Peace, senseless fool!—nor dare to raise my fury higher than it is.

Miller. I'll see, whether justice can be done to injured innocence—I'll go this instant to his Highness the Prince, and look for mercy in a case like ours.

President. To the Prince—do you say?—Don't you know, blockhead, that I am the threshold, over which you must unavoidably pass; or break your neck?—To the Prince?—Yes, if you have a mind to be all your days locked up in a tower forty feet high.

SCENE VII.

Enter CONSTABLES.

Ferdinand. (*runs to Louisa, who is overpowered by her fears, and rests on Ferdinand's bosom*) Help! help! this instant help!—Louisa!—Her fears have quite overpowered her.

Miller. (*putting on his hat, and taking down his cane that hangs upon a nail in the corner of the room*) With all my heart, if it must be.

President, Lay hold of the girl, (*to the constables*) I say—In the name of his Serene Highness, your Prince, I charge you to lay hold of her immediately.

Constables. (*are going to obey the President's commands*).

Ferdinand. (*protecting Louisa*) Keep your distance, rascals! or dread my furious wrath.

President. (*to the Constables*) Mind what I say, blockheads, or——

Constables. (*forcing their way towards Louisa.*)

Ferdinand. Off! dire bloodhounds, off!—nor, on your lives approach another step!

President. Must I speak again, scoundrels?—Lay hold, I say.

Constables. (*again forcing their way towards Louisa.*)

Ferdinand. (*quite enraged, he takes both sword and sheath from his side and forces back the Constables*) Villains! again I warn you to keep your distance—(*to his father*) Sir, I would advise you not to drive me to extremity.

President. (to the Constables) Slaves!—as you value your bread, obey my commands.

Ferdinand. Sir, I once more beg of you not to drive me to extremity.

President. (to the Constables) Don't mind my son—Lay hold, I say.

Constables. (with increased violence forcing their way towards Louisa).

Ferdinand. If it must be, Justice! pardon me. (draws his sword, and, in defending Louisa, he wounds some of the Constables).

President. (enraged) I'll see, whether I am to feel too the point of his sword—(the President forces his way towards Louisa; lifts her from the ground, and gives her to the Constables).

Ferdinand. Sir, you'll drive me desperate—Rage is in my heart—Do you persist?

President. Away with her—(to the Constables).

Louisa is now between two Constables; the one having hold of her right hand, the other of her left.

Ferdinand. (pushes back with force one of the Constables; then, he puts one arm around Louisa's waist; with the other he rests the point of his sword against her breast) Do you persist, sir?—Rather than my Louisa should endure your affronts, I'll pierce her to the heart (still resting the sword on Louisa's breast) Do you persist, sir?

President. Push home, I say, if the point of your sword will do.

Ferdinand. (leaving hold of Louisa, and putting up his sword) Almighty God! who feelst the emotion of

all hearts, thou art witness, that I have left no human means untried—Now I am compelled to use diabolical ones—*(to the Constables, with an elevated voice)* Away with her to prison! *(staring wildly and grasping his father's arm with eagerness; then whispering into his ear, yet so as to be heard)* In the mean while I must to Court; and tell 'em all a tale, whereby they may know the shortest way to get at a President's chair.

[Exit hastily.]

President. (thunderstruck) Stop! Ferdinand, stop!—Come back! I say—*(to the Constables quite alarmed)* Set her free this moment.

[Exit.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the PRESIDENT's House.**Enter PRESIDENT and Secretary WORM.*

PRESIDENT.

THIS affair turned out cursedly unlucky.

Worm. Exactly as I expected, begging your Excellency's pardon—You should have been a little more upon your guard—He did before threaten to disclose the whole.

President. Yes—but I did not, I could not believe him in earnest—I considered it merely as the result of passion; and I paid no attention to what he said—But when I reflect in cool blood upon the manner in which he warned me not to make him desperate, I confess I did wrong to trust to him so far—However, there is no harm done; you recalled him in time, and told him that his girl was set free by my command.

Worm. I did, sir; and saw him return to Miller's, where I suppose that he now is—But give me leave to observe to your Excellency, that you did very wrong ever to have given your son the smallest hint about your predecessor's death. You know the principles, that he imbibed early at college.—The upright notions of honour and truth, to which he has hitherto been a very slave, must render him a very unfit person to be entrusted with a secret of this kind,

President. But, to be sure, Worm, you are not ignorant of my motives for so doing—I fondly thought to have found in him the same ambitious views, that I have—I expected him to have been rejoiced at the news; and disposed to second my plans towards the fulfilling all my darling projects.—But you know, how I have been mistaken, and how I have been thwarted in every thing I have undertaken.

Worm. We will not give up all yet, sir.—To be sure, there was no occasion for your son Ferdinand to have known any thing about this affair; for, what could be better managed?—You asked your predecessor to supper—he came—You were alone together—You finished, I remember, a couple of bottles of Burgundy; then called for cards; and at *piquet* you sat till four o'clock the next morning.—He never heard it strike five—Every one lamented the apoplectic fit, that carried him off so suddenly; and you were unanimously elected his successor. Was it not all admirably managed?

President. But, what signifies the mention of all this now?—The harm is done, and cannot be undone—I almost despair of success at present—the game is over.

Worm. Your Excellency's pardon—You have still cards left in your hands, whereby you may yet recover your game.—I have a plan, which, if followed, I am sure, cannot fail of success.

President. Come, come, let us hear it this moment.

Worm. I must be most egregiously mistaken in all my observations on human nature, if the Major be not a man of remarkably strong passions, and quick feel-

ings—consequently, under the impulse of jealousy he must be as violent as he is under that of love—Now, Sir, my plan is, to work him up to as high a pitch of jealousy as we possibly can—This to effect, we have only to make him suspicious of this Louisa Miller; and to go to work with such cunning and art, as at last to render her to him an object of the utmost detestation.

President. Yes, Worm, but how?—'Tis a very good plan, but I am afraid it will prove to be one of your impracticable ones.

Worm. I pledge myself to your Excellency to put it into execution—First, be so kind as to open your mind a little more to me—How far do you mean to persist in this alliance with Lady Milford?

President. What a question! Don't you know, that all my power is in danger, if I do not ultimately succeed in this affair—Consider how the matter stands—Court and city talk of nothing else—Lady Milford has not denied the truth of the report; therefore, if the match now go off, I do not know, what may be the consequence;—for it is madness to suppose, that her Ladyship will put up with an affront of this kind without revenging herself upon the author to the utmost of her power—And who is the author but the President?—Who would have thought Ferdinand fool enough to reject a connection of the highest kind?—Worm, we must bring it about some way or other:—or, ruin may ensue——

H

Worm. Now I see, sir, how the land lies; and I know what I have to do—The Major must be entangled in the nicest web of subtlety and craft—As for the girl;—the very power which she possesses over him, will prove our most propitious weapon—What we have to do, is this—We must so contrive, as to exact from her a love-letter to a third person, written by her own hand, which letter we must carefully throw in the Major's way—Your Excellency will be pleased to consider what I say—her own hand-writing to be read by her own doating Major—If this medicine do not operate, dismiss Worm the next morning.

President. (pleased) A droll idea, upon my soul,—But do you take the girl for an idiot?—Do you suppose, that she will quietly sit down, and sign her own death's warrant?

Worm. She must and will, if you leave the business in my hands—I know her thoroughly—There are but two weaksides, that we can possibly work upon, namely, her father and the Major—Now, after the scene, that passed at Miller's this morning, nothing is easier in the whole world, than to threaten the old man with an action—In the mean time, we must arrest him immediately;—And having secured him, this precious letter I just now mentioned to you, must be forced from the girl, as a ransom for the father's deliverance—To ensure our success, the mother must be likewise secured—then leave the rest to me—I shall instantly go to the girl; and obtain the letter, as the sole existing means of freeing her father and mother from imprisonment and risk of death.

President. Yes, but Worm, don't let the matter be too serious—

Worm. Oh dear sir, it cannot—Your Excellency cannot imagine how she doats on her father—The danger of his life;—the reflection of having it in her power to release him;—the reproaches of her own conscience in having been accessory to his confinement;—the utter impossibility of ever being able to possess the Major;—all, all will most powerfully coincide to forward the completion of the scheme—She must inevitably fall into the snare.

President. But you do not consider my son—should he get the smallest hint or item of the matter, all our designs will again be air.

Worm. I shall take care of that—there shall be nothing to apprehend; for, after she has written the letter, I shall tell her, that even that will nought avail, if she do not also take a solemn oath, never to reveal the subject of that letter to any one in being.

President. Pshaw!—What's in an oath Worm?

Worm. Nothing, sir, to you or to me, but to them a very bulwark to overleap—Take my word for it, sir—it will do—And if all should fall out as I expect, I shall soon be able to conciliate matters with the parents; and to convince the girl, that my views were perfectly upright, I will offer her immediate marriage.

President. (*much pleased*;) Ah Worm!—I give up to you—'tis Satan's own web, you dog!—'tis well contrived:—The scholar beats his master all to pieces—Now the only question is—to whom shall this letter be

directed? Who is to be this third person—(*after a little thought*) Why not the Baron, Baron Mindheim?

Worm. With all my heart, sir,—Only were my name Louisa Miller, the Baron certainly would not be the object of my choice.

President. Why not?—a plenty of cash—an emperor's wardrobe—but a pretty ninny, sure enough—But he will do for our purpose. I shall ring the bell, and send for the Baron. (*rings*)

Worm. And whilst your Excellency is occupied about the warrant, I shall go and compose a letter, proper for the subject.

President. Very well, only let me see it, when it is finished. [*Exit Worm.*]

(*The President goes to the table in order to write the warrant.*)

Enter SERVANT.

President. Here take this warrant and tell the constables, that it must be put immediately into execution—Bid some of the other servants step to Baron Mindheim with my compliments; and if it be convenient to him, I should be obliged to him to favour me with his company for half an hour.

Servant. The Baron's carriage, sir, just stops at your door.

President. Oh then—desire him to walk up.

[*Exit Servant.*]

SCENE II.—PRESIDENT *and* BARON MINDHEIM.

Baron. (in a hurry) En passant mon cher, I could not forego the pleasure of just calling for a how do you do—We see nothing of you now at Court—What can be the reason?—To be sure, you are going to night to see the grand Opera of Dido—Oh! there will be such magnificent scenery—*spectacle à ravir, mon ami.*

President. No, no, Baron, I have scenes enow in my own house to take up my attention—You come very *à propos*; for I want to speak to you about some matters, which, if they fall out as I apprehend, must inevitably ruin both you and me at Court for ever.

Baron. Bon Dieu!—What is all this?—Tell me quickly.

President. As I said before, ruin both you and me for ever.—In a word, then, you know my project in regard to Ferdinand and Lady Milford—You know too, after what is passed, of what importance it is to us, that this connection should take place—But I see no probability of it; for the Major flies off.

Baron. Flies off?—What!—Change his mind?—*Que diable!*—I have mentioned it to the whole court—No one talks of any thing else.

President. Yes—and for aught I know, you will have to pass in the eyes of the whole court for a notorious liar—He is in love with some one else.

Baron. Ah! vous badinez—In love with another!—What does that signify?

President. Signify!—Not a straw, I know that very well; but with Ferdinand it is an insurmountable bar.

Baron. Is it possible?—*Mepriser sa fortune de telle manière!*—Not have Lady Milford?

President. Only ask him the question; and you will hear what he has to say?

Baron. *Parbleu!*—What can he have to say?

President. Mindheim, we must take care of ourselves—Ferdinand threatens to discover the iniquitous means, by which we have got advanced;---and to reveal the several forgeries of which we have been guilty.—In short, I do not know what will become of us, if you don't help us out.

Baron. *Diantre!*—What! betray us?—*Nous livrer dans les mains de la justice?*—Oh! what can I do to avert this blow?—*Mais dites mon cher.*

President. And I forgot to tell you another piece of news; and that is, that the young French favourite, Monsieur de Monville has it in contemplation, to pay his addresses to her Ladyship—You know he is liked at court;—There can be no doubt of his success—Then he will look prettily over our heads.

Baron. *Vous m'enragez*—Monville?—What?—My mortal foe?

President. (*hardly able to conceal his pleasure at hearing this*) Whose mortal foe;

Baron. Did you never hear of that damned trick he played me the other night at the Opera?—We are at this time absolutely at drawn daggers.—Monville marry Lady Milford?—*Sacre!*

President. I never heard of this affair before—But we'll speak more about it another time.

Baron. A French *petit maitre*, who came here from Paris *pas un Louis d'or dans la poche*—to be advanced to such a rank—*Que le diable l'emporte!*

President. Well, Mindheim, this is the man, that is to marry Lady Milford; and who is to be the first person at court.

Baron. *Mon cher President*—This will indeed be my *coup de grace*;—But, don't you know any means, whereby we might prevent this impending storm?—Be it ever so difficult, we will attempt it—*Grand Dieu!*—What would I not do *de chagriner ce coquin de Monville?*

President. I know but one thing; and that rests with you.

Baron. (*rejoiced*) With me!—*mille graces*—Do but name it.

President. To create a breach between Ferdinand and his girl

Baron. I create a breach!—But how?

President. If once by any ways or means, we be able to create in Ferdinand's mind a suspicion of the girl's fidelity, success is at hand.

Baron. Do you mean that I should elope with her?

President. No, no—something deeper than all that—No such shallow plans—He might then suppose, that she was carried off by force,—No, Baron, we must manage so, that conviction of her falsehood must even stare him in the face; and he must be sure of having a rival—and you are to be this rival.

Baron. *De tout mon cœur*—She is of good family and rank, I take for granted.

President. Indeed she is not—But what is that to the purpose?——She is the daughter of Miller the music-master.

Baron. *Comment!*—*Bourgeoise!*—Oh! that will never do for me—*mon cher President.* Consider a man of my consequence and reputation at court.

President. (*very cool*) Well, well, Baron, just as you please for that—To me it is a matter of little importance—I congratulate Monville on his good fortune in being likely to be made prime minister—I shall instantly resign all my employments, and leave the court.

Baron. *Et moi mon cher,* what is to become of me? You may well talk thus—Having been brought up to the bar, you can help yourself any where; but, as for me, *que faire!*—*Que devenir!*

President. I cannot help that—You will not do as I would have you.

Baron. *Mais oui*—any thing—tell me only what I should do.

President. Will you consent to give your name for a rendezvous—I mean, will you suffer a supposed letter to be directed to you by this Louisa Miller's own hand?

Baron. I will.

President. And will you so manage, as to throw it into Ferdinand's way, that he may find it; and, seeing that it comes from her, think himself deceived?

Baron. Par example—I'll call on him some time to-morrow, and so pull it out of my pocket as *par hazard* with my handkerchief; and yet not seem to know it.

President. And, if requisite, will you play your part of the lover as you ought to do?

Baron. To be sure I will—*Je suis au fait de tout ce qui regarde l'amour.*

President. Well, then, all will do; and we are friends again—To night you will call for the letter—You know the rest, Mindheim.

Baron. (taking out a card) I have now just a dozen visits to make *de la dernière importance.*—*Celles faites, je ne manquerai pas de me rendre ici sur le champ.* [Exit.

President. (calling after him) I depend upon your exactness Baron.

Baron. (returning, he replies with an air of self-conceit) *Mais vous me connoissez mon cher President.* [Exit.

SCENE III.—PRESIDENT and WORM.

Worm. Miller and his wife are secured—Now will it please your Excellency just to read over this letter, that I have drawn up?

President. (having read it) Charming!—Incomparable!—Worm—It will do vastly well—I have at last got the Baron to come into our plans; but, not without a great deal of difficulty—Well, now, Worm, you know what you have to do—Fly immediately to Louisa; and if you manage matters there, as you expect; I say, that you are a much cleverer fellow, than I took you for. [Exeunt on several sides,

SCENE IV.—*A Room in MILLER's House.**The Scene discovers FERDINAND and LOUISA.*

Louisa. Cease, dearest Ferdinand;—My mind is cast in sorrow's gloomy mould; and now I cannot even think of things, which were wont to raise my heart, however sad; and delighted my very soul beyond all power of speech:—Yes, Ferdinand, thou wert indeed once my darling theme. When night's soft slumbers composed my mind, thou wert the subject of my happy dreams:—The morning gave me fresh delight; and all the live long day was joy and bliss:—But, now the scene is changed—far other objects must engage my heart; and other duties must engross my mind—I do not so much as think of happy days again---All my hopes are sunk.

Ferdinand. And mine are raised. My father is highly irritated, and will do his utmost to thwart us. But, hear, Louisa—a thought, just now, vast and immense as my own boundless passion, crowds on my troubled mind.—Thou Louisa, I and love—Is not all Heaven contained——

Louisa. (stopping him) I shudder at thy thought--- I see where it extends.

Ferdinand. Why so, my lovely girl? What is the world to us?—Its views were never suited to our minds—Why seek its cold approval?—Why court its favour, or why beg its smiles?—Rather, with hearts elate, and dignified souls, let us look down with pity

on their confined schemes ; and soar above them with becoming pride, into the realms of rectitude and justice ; conscious, that all our actions proceed from virtue and irrefragable truths ; surpassing far their bounded notions and their shallow views—(*with the utmost tenderness*) Will not our affection increase with our increasing years ? —Will not that heavenly eye as softly glisten, and as sweetly rove, whether we traverse rocks and burning sands ; or cross the Rhine or Elbe, or ev'n the Baltic Sea ?---That country's mine, where my Louisa's blest ; where she can return my passion without fear ; where no controul shall mar our promised joy ; where no parent's frown shall check each gladdened scene ; but both our bosoms heave with mutual bliss.

Louisa. My faithful Ferdinand, think of this plan no more—It can never be—I have other duties to fulfil. Let not that voice, to which I have ever listened with delight, now breathe a thought, to sanction disobedience.

Ferdinand. Whither we wander, wheresoe'er we go, Heav'n will protect us in the hour of need—With minds awake to our Creator's praise ;—With hearts uplifted to his glorious throne, together will we tread the walk of life :—Whithersoe'er we bend our lonely steps, a sun will rise to cheer the morning's dawn ; a sun will set to gild the evening's calm, and settle comfort in our happy breasts ; and, should it please high Heaven's Almighty hand, to snatch us from this orbit here below, shall we not meet in purer realms above, where time no limit knows, nor bliss alloy ;—

where the fond tear of parting is not felt; nor dise-
misfortune's pang is ever known?—(*seeing Louisa in
tears*) Divine Louisa! Why those tears?—I have but
told thee what our fate might be, if thou wouldst not
refuse admittance to these rays of perfect bliss.

Louisa. Hast thou no other duty to fulfil?

Ferdinand. Thy repose and peace are my very first?

Louisa. (*earnestly*) Then thou must leave me—I
have a father, who is wrapped up in me, his only
child—To-morrow he will be sixty years of age—
Should I leave the poor old man a victim to the Pre-
sident's rage; and rob him of his only joy on earth?
It will not bear the thought—My Faulkener, thou
wouldst not have me?

Ferdinand. Oh! let thy apprehensions cease—He
shall not be left a victim to my father's rage—Louisa,
I have friends, to whom I could confide my life—they
shall watch o'er thy father's safety; and under their
protection he shall be secure against every possible in-
jury or affront.—At one o'clock in the morning a
chaise shall stop upon the plain, and thou, my love,
wilt mark the time:—Then, in the dead of night,
when father, mother, all are hushed to rest, then,
Louisa, wake for me!—That moment we will fly.

Louisa. Yes; with thy father's curse attending us—
with our own conscience, stern reproach—two dread-
ful curses, Ferdinand, which will pursue us in our
every step; and serve to alienate our boasted bliss:—
Though my heart's fondest wish would then be sealed,
through life to press thee to my doating breast—Tho'
the world's giddy joy I should despise, possessing thee,

sole spring of all my hopes; yet, my beloved, if this can never be, without incurring my dear father's wrath and anger—If these bright scenes of joy can ne'er be tasted, save by the breach of every filial tie; then must I an arduous task perform, and try to sum up all my power and strength, to bear the loss of all I have on earth.

Ferdinand. (*with great emotion*) And wilt thou—canst thou thus coolly give me up a prey to misery?—Canst thou thus plunge the dagger to my heart; then, bid me live?—Oh! thy regard for me is cool indeed.

Louisa. That to thy Louisa, Ferdinand! (*pointing to her heart*) Is it not sufficiently torn here without inflicting any additional wounds?—Oh! look but kinder; nor bite thy nether lip, as if thou wert in wrath; for I am but ill prepared to bear thy frowns, whilst my heart bleeds at what is now to pass.—We are now to part—I am now about to lose thee!—for ever too!—(*Ferdinand looks wild*) For ever to separate those bonds of amity and love, which have so long sustained me in the hour of woe! 'tis too much—enough to turn my very brain.

Ferdinand. (*his looks become more and more uneasy, till they denote a violent agitation of mind.*)

Louisa. I alone am culpable---my giddy mind flattered itself with hopes by far too rash and too presumptuous---But my misery is my punishment.—Ferdinand, let me by my example, animate thy drooping and departing courage. Let me restore to a father his long lost child; and forget an alliance, which the

vast disparity of our situations in life obliges me forever to renounce——Oh! look not so, my beloved; believe me, mine is a harder task than thine.

Ferdinand. Peace, peace, my love!—My mind is on the rack—Every pulse seems to cease to beat: being in me is as it were suspended (*falling against the scene.*)

Louisa. (*falling on his bosom*) But be advised——Thy rebellious bosom will soon be calm—This is an hour that demands thy being collected.——Ferdinand, it is our parting hour (*weeping*) Thou hast a heart—I know it——Give it to a better and to a more deserving person—Whoever possesses it, will not envy the happiest of her sex:——Me shalt thou see no more—The lost Louisa shall consume her life in sorrow and in tears—Think no more of her—Ferdinand, what are now my prospects of futurity?—Think’st thou not I shall now and then dwell on the fading picture of past scenes?—Yes, my beloved, the thought of past days will constitute my sole delight—And ere we part, accept this sacred vow from thy Louisa’s lips, that she never will be another’s bride, since fate denies her to be thine. (*bursts out of the room*)

Ferdinand. (*with agitation falling on his knee*) Divine Louisa!—Another word!

Louisa. (*returning*) ’Tis true—this is your due (*she falls upon his neck and embraces him*) This and no more, Faulkener! dearest Faulkener, a long farewell!, (*is going, but under the sudden impulse of tenderness she rushes once more into his arms, and clasps him with*

warmth) Eternal Providence protect thy ways! (*is going.*)

Ferdinand. (*in the accents of despair*) Louisa, stay! In the name of the All-wise, I do implore thee, stay! —We cannot, must not part—Thy father shall go with us; and we will all fly together—Oh! think of this, Louisa—To-morrow, early I'll be here to learn thy last resolves—But, remember what thy sentence bears —Thy Ferdinand's fate is now suspended by thy decree—Thou either bringst him life; or worse than death. [*Exit hastily.*

SCENE V.—LOUISA alone. (*sitting down.*)

Louisa. (*looking after him with affection*) Oh Faulkener! Faulkener! What a heart is thine!—Warm as life is thy love;—(*pause*) Oh, Heavens! if I look forward, what a dreadful view!—'Tis now I feel with innate force, the hardest and severest lot, that can befall the human race—To live in the world with a susceptible heart, and yet not dare to feel—The fate is hard, beyond conception hard—'Tis this, that swells the note of woe—'Tis this, that wakes keen agony's nerve,——But, where can my father stay so long? He promised me to return within the space of half an hour; and yet five tedious hours are since elapsed. Should any accident have prevented his return—Why am I so alarmed? (*Enter Worm unperceived*) 'Tis only the effect of my agitated mind.

SCENE VI.—LOUISA and WORM.

Worm. Good evening, Miss Miller.

Louisa. Heavens! what voice was that?—(*perceiving Worm, she starts back with surprise*) If you are looking for the President, sir, he has been gone many hours ago.

Worm. No, Miss, I am looking for you.

Louisa. For me?----Pray what is at your service?

Worm. I am sent to you by your father.

Louisa. (*alarmed*) By my father?---Where is my father?

Worm. Where he does not wish to be.

Louisa. For God's sake, tell me quickly where he is, and ease my tortured mind.

Worm. In prison then, if you must know.

Louisa. (*looking towards Heaven*) Mighty God!----And was there need of this too?—But why in prison?

Worm. By order of the Prince, for disrespect towards his minister.

Louisa. By order of the Prince for disrespect towards his minister?—Have you heard aught of Ferdinand too?

Worm. He is to choose Lady Milford, or his father's irrevocable curse.

Louisa. Dreadful alternative!—My father in prison—the beloved of my heart forced to choose Lady Milford or his father's irrevocable curse (*sighing deeply*) And where is my mother, sir?

Worm. In prison too.

Louisa, (with anguish) Good Heavens! To the very dregs must I then sip the cup of bitterness?—Eternal Powers!—Sustain my feeble frame—My fate is now complete—Now I am exempt from each attractive tie on earth—*(a long pause)* Have you any more tidings to communicate?—You may speak freely; for, now I can hear any thing you have to say—

Worm. What is past you know—*(with a malicious smile.)*

Louisa. Therefore not what is still to come—*(looking at Worm with great contempt)* Poor wretch!—what a miserable trade is yours!—It can never answer your purpose—To make a fellow creature wretched, is terrible enough; but, with a hardened face; nay with a pleasure too, to communicate the tale of grief—this is horrible indeed—In the very ear of the unfortunate to sound the hideous note of woe; and smile at misery's shriek—to see the human heart torn with restless fury, and bleeding in its tenderest parts; and yet applaud the pang!—Oh Nature! Nature!—art thou indeed so base?—Have I heard all?

Worm. Ask me no more questions.

Louisa. Creature of malice!—were you not brought up in the school of cruelty?—Else, where did you learn thus dextrously to wield the weapon of destruction?—First with the tyger's stern ferocious eye to view the destined prey in all its parts; and, having found the weakest, there aim the deadly blow—Oh Heavenly Powers!—that man can thus so far descend to copy the brute creation's arts!—Now tell me all; for

in that dark and plotting face I see you still have something in reserve—Pronounce it straight—what fate awaits my father?

Worm. A criminal process.

Louisa. A criminal process!—a little more explicit if you please.

Worm. He must be tried for life or death.

Louisa. Thanks, sir, for this intelligence—(*running into an adjoining room*)

Worm. (*rather alarmed*) What can she purpose?—She surely cannot think of—I'll follow her---I must take care, that she does not lay violent hands upon her life—(*following Louisa, who just enters with a cloak under her arm*)

Louisa. You will excuse me, Mr. Secretary, but I always lock these doors after me.

Worm. And where are you going, Miss Miller?

Louisa. To his Highness this moment (*going*)

Worm. Where?—When? (*confused*)

Louisa. To his Highness the Prince, I tell you—To that same Prince who will try my father for life or death.—No—not will, but must—because one or two villainous wretches choose, in order to serve their own infamous purposes, to blast the brow of innocence with criminal fraud and guilt.

Worm. (*forcing a laugh*) To the Prince?—Ha ha! ha!—Well! that is not a bad joke.

Louisa. Think you then, most fraudulent wretch, I do not understand your laugh?—Yes, I know it well—but hear—I want no pity from his Highness's hands.—Princes, I have been told, whose wishes at

all times are fulfilled as soon as known, are ignorant what misery is—therefore, I'll haste to the Prince this moment,—I'll paint the subject in its most bold and glaring colours; and in his ear I'll shriek what misery is—Despair's all-hideous sounds shall re-echo through his heart—The voice of wretchedness shall pierce his frame, and penetrate his very soul—and if he start not at the glowing tale; and if his hair should not yet stand an end, I'll tell him still another truth, that there will be a period, when time shall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, and withered the arm of power—that, in the hour of death, which soon or late must once arrive, the lungs even of Princes will begin to fail them, to gasp and pant for vent; that, underground precedence's a jest—there prince, monarch, beggar, side by side consume (*going*)

Worm. (*maliciously friendly*) Oh go by all means—I advise you to it; for I give you my word, that his Highness will comply.

Louisa. What is that you say? (*returning*) What shall I do?—I surely ought not to go, since this wretch advises me to it—(*to Worm*) How do you know that the Prince will comply?

Worm. Oh! You won't find his compliance to be altogether gratis.

Louisa. What price think you that he will fix upon his kindness?

Worm. (*significantly*) The fair suppliant herself will be price sufficient.

Louisa. (*understanding his meaning*) Most righteous God!—Oh ye poor great!—How are ye encompassed

and hemmed in by your crimes and vices!—The light of truth shines not to your debased minds:—May Heaven assist you father! your Louisa has always considered what she owes you:—She would willingly give up her life for you, but not her virtue.

Worm. His last words to me were these—"My Louisa has pulled me down to the ground: my Louisa will stretch forth her hand of comfort, and help me up again."—I must go, Miss, to let him know your answer (*as if going*).

Louisa. Oh! stay—a moment longer stay—"I pulled him down to the ground; and 'tis I, that must help him up again"—Great God!—What can I do? (*to Worm with an imploring voice*) Oh speak!—Say! What can I—what must I do?

Worm. I know but of one thing.

Louisa. And what is that?

Worm. What your father wishes too.

Louisa. What my father wishes too—Oh! quickly name it.

Worm. To set the Major free.

Louisa. Of his love do you mean?—Is this a time for jest?—Is it for me to root out passion from the Major's heart, or change his mould of mind?

Worm. Miss, that is not what is meant—The Major must of his own accord forsake you.

Louisa. That he will never do—As soon may you with one shake stir yon temple's rocky base.

Worm. That we will try—only please to sit down.

Louisa. Wretch, what are you hatching now?

Worm. Only sit down at this table—Here are pen, ink, and paper.

Louisa. (*sitting down in the utmost perturbation of mind*) What shall I write?—To what purpose?

Worm. To redeem your father's life.

Louisa. Serpent! you know how to writhe and wind yourself about the heart.

Worm. (*dictating the letter*) Sir—

Louisa. (*writes trembling*)

Worm. “What an age, my beloved, does it appear to me to be, since last we fondly met.”

Louisa. (*starting up and laying down the pen*) To whom is this letter written?

Worm. To the decider of your father's fate.

Louisa. (*sighing deeply*) From his decision lies there no appeal?

Worm. None—“But be careful when you come again; for the Major watches me all the day long with jealous eyes”—

Louisa. (*hastily rising*) A mere knavish trick, hitherto unparalleled.—What purpose is this letter to answer?

Worm. To redeem your father's life.

Louisa. (*wringing her hands*) Merciful Father!—Had it but pleased thee to render my fate less hard!—Why am I thus grievously oppressed?—Why tossed to and fro betwixt the dreadful gulfs of horror and despair?—And, above all, subject to this bloody-minded devil's cursed arts?—My mind will soon become so desperate; as not to care what dire futurity dares to menace or

portend—(*to Worm*) Do what you will,—I'll not write another word.

Worm. Very well, Miss—that must be as you please—(*takes his hat*)

Louisa. As I please do you say?—Barbarian! hear—What!—lead a wretch forlorn up to the mount's stupendous height; and, having hurled him down the fatal precipice beneath, you call out to him to help himself as he can?—Obdurate man!—Too well you know, that the heart by nature's bent and instinct, is more closely tied, than by the strongest iron links—Go on—I'll write what you will—it is now alike to me—I have done thinking—(*sits down again to write*)

Worm. “Watches me all the day long with jealous eyes.”—Have you gotten that?

Louisa. Yes, yes,—Go on—Go on

Worm. “Yesterday the President came here—It was really a good joke to see, how earnest the Major was in defending my honour.”

Louisa. Admirable indeed!

Worm. “For fear of bursting out into a fit of laughter, I made him believe that I was going to faint.”

Louisa. Oh Heavens!

Worm. “But the mask will soon become insupportable—It must ere long drop off—All that I wish for, is, to escape from him, and rush into your arms.”—

Louisa. (*looking at him with the height of contempt*)
“And rush into your arms.”

Worm. “This to-morrow I shall be able to effect; provided you come just as he leaves me, and stop at

our usual place of rendezvous—you know where.”—
Have you gotten “you know where.”

Louisa. (with the deepest anguish) Yes, I have got all.

Worm. And you shall meet—Your affectionate

—LOUISA.—

Louisa. Now for the direction.

Worm. To Baron Mindheim.

Louisa. Merciful Father!—A name as foreign to my ear, as are these horrid lines to my heart—(a pause, during which she looks at the letter with an eye of horror) I see the fatal fruit of this—No matter—It must be done—’Tis to save a father’s life: And are not a father’s claims more valid than a lover’s? (greatly agitated by the conflict of duty and passion) Was ever fate thus cruel?—Oh! Power of rectitude? quickly nerve my staggering mind; and firmly fix its great resolve! (another short pause) ’Tis over!—The struggle is past!—(giving *Worm* the letter in a faint and almost exhausted voice) Here, sir,—Here it is—Here is my innocent name—Here sir, take this scrawl, the grave of Faulkener’s peace, and of all my happiness in life—(having given it) And now I am a beggar.

Worm. Do not say so, Miss Miller—Do not despair— I am sorry to see your affliction—Who knows but that I may be able sufficiently to apologize for certain actions, which at present may calumniate me in your eyes; but which will soon wear a different aspect.

Louisa. (interrupting him) Have we done, sir?— May the bird spread its wings and fly?

Worm. Not quite yet, Miss—There is still another small trifle—You must now come along with me; and

take a solemn oath, that this letter was not exacted from you by force ; but that it was the result of your own free will and pleasure.

Louisa. (starting with horror) Eternal Providence!-- Must I then fix thy seal, in order to guard and preserve the very works of hell?— (*a pause, then animated*) But, fiend accursed, lead on!--and drag me where you will---Let me, all trembling, grasp the sacred writ; and, with all the daughter glowing in my soul, press the blest'd transcript to my quivering lips--Regardless, then, of each terrestrial tie, my frantic mind will rave till all be o'er---Come, let me haste to take this dreadful oath ; and part with every treasure I possess---And, should mild justice, shocked, my arm arrest ; and bid me pause, ere I seal Faulkener's fate ; then shall my voice on highest pinions soar--- with the wild shriek of madness and despair, I'll hollow the sweet sounds of filial love---'tis to redeem my fire, and die content.

[*Exit. Worm following.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room at the PRESIDENT'S House.*

On one side FERDINAND enters violently agitated, with a letter open in his hand; on the other a SERVANT.

FERDINAND:

HAS not the Baron been here yet?

Servant. Sir, his Excellency the President is just enquiring for you.

Ferdinand. Damnation! I ask you whether the Baron has not yet been here?

Servant. No, sir, he has not—His Excellency, sir, is actually waiting for you.

Ferdinand. Tell him I'll come by and by.

[*Exit Servant.*]

SCENE II.—FERDINAND *alone.*

(Running over the letter, staring wildly, and furiously agitated)

And can it be—can that heavenly frame contain such an infernal heart?—That seemingly beauteous structure, that apparently angelic composition to prove a monument of fraud and deceit?—Impossible! it can never be—And yet, if angels descended from above, to vouch for her truth, it is her hand—If heaven and earth were roused to bear witness to her innocence, it is her hand.—Accursed guile!—This was the reason why she so obstinately opposed our

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flight—It was for this—O heavens!—now I awake;
and all is clear—It was for this that she gave up all
claim to my love with so much heroism and force—
But thus to distract me all at once; and plunge me into
misery's extreme!—(*thoughtful*) And were all those
tremors, those sudden agitations all affected? (*passionately*)
Could each warm fiery emotion;—those tears of
tenderness;—each tumultuous bosom's heave be
forced?—Impossible!—I'll not believe it:—When
my heart by warmth extreme was insensibly pitched
on love's refined and sublimest heights—even there
we also met; and to every emotion of affection did
not her heart beat responsive to mine?—(*walking
up and down the room in great agitation*)—And this
was all grimace!—Then what I thought the soft heaving
bosom of love, was but a labouring form, wildly
agitated, to dupe my easy unsuspecting mind; and
to light the flame of madness in my brain!—
Damnation!—(*striking his forehead*) If falsehood and
guile be so specious and attractive, why comes it to
pass, that devils do not force their way through
Heaven's blessed portals?—With purity's own dignity
did she not ward off my Father's insolence and
affronts?—And yet culpable she was—(*pause*) The
hypocrite could even faint too—Oh sensibility!—what
will now be thy language; and how art thou to be
known or understood?—Innocence!—how wilt thou
defend thyself, when vipers catch thy heavenly notes;
and array themselves in thy white robes of truth?—
Yes, she affected to faint in these arms—But coquettes

sometimes can faint—Strumpets too can faint—(*in thought*) She knew her power, and used it for her purpose well—When my bosom glowed with ecstasy and love—when my soul hung with rapture on her charms; and when, deluded fool, I thought to clasp all Heaven in her celestial form, Great God!—Did she all the while——Impossible—It can never be—And when, buried in her chaste embrace, I thought to revel in the very bliss of Paradise—when the world vanished from my view; and when I dreamt of nought but eternity and her, could her heart be totally insensible to each soul-denoting mark, that my rapt mind bespoke?—Could she then too think of guile and damned deceit?—Heavens!—In that perfect hour did she nothing feel?—Oh yes!—She felt the triumph of her arts!—She felt her fraud succeed!——She gloried in her guilt!

SCENE III—BARON MINDHEIM *and* FERDINAND

Baron. You were so good as to send me word, *mon cher ami*, that you wished to speak to me.

Ferdinand. (*aside*) Yes——to break your bones for you——(*to the Baron*) Baron, you must have dropt this letter here this morning; otherwise, I cannot conceive, how it could have fallen into my hands; for I was by chance the lucky finder.

Baron. You!—(*appearing surprised*) Dear me!——I am astonished.

Ferdinand. Pshaw! Pshaw!——Read it—You will

find it worth the while—(*giving the letter to the Baron, who pretends to run it over; during which time Ferdinand goes to a drawer for a pair of pistols.*)

Baron. (*seeing what Ferdinand is about, he throws the letter upon the table; and is for taking to his heels*)

Ferdinand. (*taking him by the arm*) Not quite so soon, my dear Baron—Good news, in that letter, I perceive—Remember there is postage yet to pay—(*shewing him the pistols*)

Baron. *frightened and stepping back*) You have not lost your senses, Major?

Ferdinand. No—No—I have senses enow left to fettle matters with you—Here, sir, take one of these pistols immediately.

Baron. One of those pistols?—Are you mad, Major?

Ferdinand. Directly take one of them; or I'll break your bones for you this instant—See how the coward trembles!—(*The Baron makes another attempt to run away*) Hold! a little patience—(*bars the door*)

Baron. But surely not in a room.

Ferdinand. Oh—that matters not---but no dallying for me—Present, I say.

Baron. To be sure, so hopeful a young man will not risk his precious life in this manner—*Mon cher* Major, be advised.

Ferdinand. Take your aim this moment, scoundrel; for I have nothing more to do in this world.

Baron. But I have a great deal, my excellent young man,

Ferdinand. You?—Blockhead—you much to do?—Caricature of ribaldry and folly?

Baron. Any thing that you like—only take those pistols away.

Ferdinand. How the fellow stands shaking! ——— Would it not be an insult to the creation to lay hands on such a deplorably pitiful wretch?—A baboon, the very refuse of our kind?—Not one idea to distinguish between right and wrong—a frenchified fop, brought hither, like the court fools of old, to amuse their sovereign; and to give us some faint idea of the last and most despicable order of mankind?—And this creature to possess her heart?—With this animal to inhabit the regions of love?—With this insect, this brute, to exchange the language of passion?—Oh Heavens!—Let me not think on it—a being, who is a shame to our sex; born, more to alienate, than to create, affection.

Baron. Thank God!—he has lost his senses——*C'est bien pour moi*——What would I give to be about a hundred miles off!—any where but not with him.

Ferdinand. But, rascal!—if her honour be not clear—Scoundrel!--if her purity be stained;—(*enraged*) 'twere better for you never to have been born;—'twere better for you to fly to Hell's remotest parts, than to meet my awakened rage---(*with the voice of terror*) Wretch! how far have you prevailed with her!—Villain!—confess.

Baron. Let me but go and I will tell you all.

Ferdinand. This moment, rascal! or I let go (*holding the pistol to his breast*) Confess, or you breathe your last.

Baron. A moment's patience, and I'll tell you all—

it is all nothing—a mere story.--You are deceived — imposed upon---*ma foi*.

Ferdinand. Wretch!—do you dare to remind me of that too?—(*going to lay hold of him*)

Baron. *Mon dieu!*—if you would but hear me—
Your Father—I say your father.

Ferdinand. (*interrupting him*) My father? (*softening a little*) My father?---What about my father?

Baron. You rave, *mon cher* Major, I never saw her---I know nothing of her---nothing in the whole world.

Ferdinand. Never saw her?—Know nothing of her?—Away infamous liar!---'*pushing him out of the Room*) Louisa's lost!

SCENE IV.—FERDINAND *alone*.

(*A long silence, during which Ferdinand's looks betray an extreme horror of mind*) It must be done—this rebellious heart calls aloud for retribution, and must have dire revenge!--Revenge?---On whom?--On her, who was my highest joy, my only bliss on earth?---On her, who alone of all creatures living could sway my mind, or charm my soul to rest?---And is it her blood, that I must seek?---Oh horrid, horrid fate!---(*pause*) And yet, it must be done—Lost, lost Louisa!---Yes, unfortunate one, thou art lost; but, am I not also lost?---I am indeed—And if I be, by Heavens! so art thou—Most righteous Judge!—she was my all—The world entire did I for her give up—And yet—O God!--She has roused my very soul; and all nature within

me loudly demands revenge—But my arm is weak and faint, and knows not how to lift the murderous weapon—To sweep from earth a flower so lovely and so prime—to cut her off in all her blooming days; ere time's correcting hand has formed her youth, and given her feeble mind a proper mould!—'Tis torture, 'tis death to me—But, what!—Shall I then let her live?—Shall I be doomed to hear her make a laugh of Faulkener's credulous mind; and see her with impetuous warmth rush into her paramour's arms?—Distraction!—*(striking his forehead)* Oh! for the gleaming dagger's point to hurl her to swift destruction, and quickly to open to her view eternity's tremendous scene!—*(starting)* Eternity!—dread thought!—Faulkener!—Faulkener! that comes home——But, it must be done. *(is going out, but meets the President)*

SCENE V. PRESIDENT *and* FERDINAND.

President. Son! I am glad to meet you here; for I have agreeable news to tell you—Something, which, I am sure, will surprise you.

Ferdinand. *(affectionately)* Sir!—My father—*(looking at him with great emotion; then falls on his knee and kisses his father's hand)* Oh my dear father!

President. What disturbs you, Ferdinand?—Your hand trembles and burns.

Ferdinand. Oh Sir!—can you pardon my ingratitude towards you?—I have abused your kindness, and entailed a curse upon myself—I am indeed a miserable wretch—Your motives were all so affectionate—Your mind was so prophetic——But, now it is too late—

Your pardon, sir,—Do not reject an unhappy youth for his first offence towards you—Mine was an error of judgement; and I know, sir, you are always ready to forgive any, that does not proceed from the heart.

President. Rise, my son—I do not understand you—What mystery lurks beneath your words?

Ferdinand. (*rising*) Louisa Miller, sir,—Oh! how am I to tell you all? —Your rage was so properly founded—Your objections so solid—so fatherly warm—Oh sir, Louisa.

President. Ferdinand, do not torture me in this manner—(*feigning not to understand him*) I am heartily sorry for my behaviour towards her; but, I hope to make amends for every harsh word I uttered--- I am come to conciliate matters; and restore all harmony and joy—Why do you look so wild, my son, as if the news were unwelcome to you?

Ferdinand. Conciliate matters?—Heavenly Powers!—look with an eye of pity down—your mercy here extend—lest my heart-strings should crack, and reason leave her seat—Oh my father!—How shall I tell you?—This Louisa—

President. Is a charming and a lovely girl---I recall every suspicion, which I too hastily harboured—She has acquired my fullest esteem; and I come to give my consent to your immediate union.

Ferdinand. Our immediate union?—Father of Heaven! heardst thou that?—Our union? (*starting*) Where?—On the wheel of damnation?—There amidst our groans and howls—with my wild rolling eyes fixed upon her tortured frame, twisting ourselves

into a thousand hideous shapes to get from the infernal rack?

President. (*stopping him*) Ferdinand, what are you thinking of?—Does your joy overpower you?—Believe me, I never meant to deal hardly by you—Louisa shall soon be my daughter—I reckon her virtue for parentage; and her beauty for gold (*Ferdinand's wild and staring looks shew that his mind teems with some horrid purpose*)—But, son, why do you look so wild?—Your stare terrifies me—All my former interested views yield to my strong affection for you; and we now embrace, as having but one common pursuit after happiness. [*Embracing Ferdinand.*

Ferdinand. (*tearing himself from his father's arms*) It must be done—and I'll about it straight—(*turning to his father*) Happiness, did you name?—Oh that the mother earth would swallow me; and take me to her cheering bosom!—for, whilst my pulse beats, horror will be in every throb. [*Bursting out of the room.*

President, (alone) All has operated to my wishes---he has by this time seen the letter; and is raving about Louisa's perfidy---Rave on, my hot brained youth--Ere long you will be calm again---He little suspects the author of his troubles; nor mean I, that he should---Now my prospects begin to brighten; for, now I have no doubt of his accepting Lady Milford's hand; and thereby crowning my fondest wish. [*Exit.*

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SCENE VI.—*A splendid apartment at Lady Milford's.*

Enter LADY MILFORD *and* SOPHY.

Lady Milford. You saw her then Sophy!—Is she coming?

Sophy. She is, madam—She said, that she would wait upon your Ladyship this moment.

Lady Milford. Like a criminal do I tremble at the thought of seeing this happy one—And how did she take the message?

Sophy. At first she seemed greatly surprised—looked at me; then was silent for a minute;—at length she said—“My respects to her Ladyship, and I will do myself the honour of waiting on her immediately.”

Lady Milford. I am quite uneasy—If I find in her nothing but what we see in common, I shall be really vexed—If I find more, I shall be miserable.

Sophy. But, Madam, this is not the disposition in which a rival ought to find you.—Call to mind your birth, your rank your power—Elevated ideas will give you towering looks.

Lady Milford. (*not having minded her*) What is the fool chattering about?

Sophy. (*rallying her*) Then I suppose your Ladyship being thus superbly dressed to day, with that row of splendid jewels in your hair, is mere chance and accident; and by no means calculated to impress this Miss Miller with an idea of your magnificence, and a sense of her own inferiority.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. A young lady, by the name of Miller, Madam.

Lady Milford. Desire her to walk up——[*Exit Servant*] Sophy, take yourself away—(*Sophy seems unwilling to go*) Do you hear what I say?—I desire you would go this moment—[*Exit Sophy*] I am glad to feel myself thus agitated; and yet I don't know how I shall be able to bear her presence—(*She throws herself on a sofa, which is situated at the end of the room; and assumes an air of the most forbidding dignity.*)

SCENE VII.—LOUISA and LADY MILFORD.

Louisa enters with the utmost diffidence; curtsies to Lady Milford, but remains at some distance from her—— Lady Milford is sitting on the sofa at the lower end of the room—She looks at Louisa with all imaginable hauteur—(a pause)

Louisa. Madam, I wait upon you agreeably to your Ladyship's desire.

Lady Milford. (*just turning her head*) Oh!——Is it you?——Miss——pray what is your name?

Louisa. My name is Miller, Madam?

Lady Milford. True—true—I recollect now——the poor music-master's daughter, of whom some one was talking the other day——(*a pause, then aside*) Very interesting, but yet no beauty——(*to Louisa*) Come nearer child!——nearer yet——To be sure, you are not afraid of me?

Louisa. Afraid Madam?——No——Sometimes I despise the opinion of the multitude.

Lady Milford. (aside) This contumacy she has from him——*(to Louisa)* Your name then is Louisa Miller.

Louisa. It is, Madam.

Lady Milford. Miss Louisa, I have been told, that you are exceedingly accomplished; and that you possess most attractive qualifications——Indeed all the world says so——and I think all the world is very good authority.

Louisa. I confess, Madam, that I know no persons who would think of giving themselves the trouble of speaking of one so insignificant as Louisa Miller.

Lady Milford. And how old are you, pray, if I may ask.

Louisa. I am eighteen, Madam.

Lady Milford. (aside) Eighteen?——the first pulse of passion——what so dangerous?——*(to Louisa)* Miss Louisa, I find myself prepossessed in your favour; and I have a mind to make your fortune——Sophy is going to be married; and I could wish you would come and live with me.

Louisa. (with becoming dignity) I am as much obliged to your Ladyship for your intended favour, as if I accepted the same.

Lady Milford. I beg your pardon, Miss, I did not know you were so proud——I suppose you think those fingers too delicate for work; and pride yourself upon that pretty face of yours——But be advised child——those cheeks are not enamelled——What would you say, if you found your admirer's attention cease, as soon as your charms and beauties began to fade?

Louisa. (*with pointed expression*) Pity the admirer, Madam, who bought a jewel, because it appeared to be set in gold.

Lady Milford. (*not seeming to have heard her*) I think you would have no cause for repenting of your determination, if you accepted my offer.

Louisa. Pardon me madam, if I presume to differ from you——The houses and palaces of the great are but too often the asylums of the most unbounded luxury and extravagance——Who would give the poor Louisa credit for launching all at once into the perilous contagion, trembling at the same time at the fatal infection?——Or, who would suppose, that Lady Milford, the envied and distinguished Lady Milford, so highly renowned for affluence, splendour, and for every thing, which can possibly contribute in appearance to the purest felicity, should with all these attainments be in reality destitute of that solid happiness, which falls to the lot but of the “pure in heart;” and that her conscience should sometimes prove a scorpion in her breast?——Would your Ladyship, when crossed in any plan or pursuit, be able to bear with the placid air of contentment, which would beam from my countenance?——Or, upon your return from any party, hurt or displeased by any occurrence, how could you witness the attractive mien of humble happiness, ever imprinted on my calm and unruffled brow, proceeding from inward satisfaction’s smile?——We are all weak, when unsupported by our own esteem——there are times, when the heart, conscious of having acted amiss, dreads a scrutiny—the anvil of

gnawing conscience is never cool—the contemplative hour must sometimes exist to a mind of your stamp—the serpent reproach may sometimes assail you with all its venomous stings; and your whole bosom may be turned into a scene of perturbation and disquietude--- Under the impulse of these dreadful evils, your mind must be singularly endowed, Madam, to be able to view with indifference your attendant Louisa's face, dressed in artless looks of serenity, unclouded by care, unchecked by disappointment; and boasting the purest bliss of innocence and a heart at peace.

Lady Milford. (aside) Intolerable!—but what is still more intolerable, is, that I feel she is right—*(to Louisa)* I do not understand you, child—Your objections to live with me must be strong indeed—I find that you do not choose to name them; but *(with a threatening air)* I shall discover all, and shall take my just revenge.

Louisa. Madam, forgive me; but I defy your rage:—All your wrath, all your anger will prove unequal to subdue the mind, which conscience strengthens, and which innocence protects—Let the worst come—I am prepared for it.—Let the destructive storm of fate bend me even to dejection's lowest ebb, still I shall always find a shelter, to afford me that enviable store of solace, which no power can ever ravish from me—I mean, Madam—the sanctuary within my own heart.

Lady Milford. Miss Louisa, you will be most assuredly happy, if you would come and live with me.

Louisa. In my opinion, Madam, the mind cannot be better employed than in the pursuit after happiness; which grand end in life being once attained, our noblest efforts and views ought to be directed to maintain that blessed post, so often fought for, and too oft in vain---The difficulty is achieved in the possession of the object; and, without doubt, it rests with us to render the subsequent scenes of life in the highest degree pleasurable and happy, by keeping a constant guard upon our actions and conduct; lest we deviate from the unerring path of rectitude and truth---Happiness, Madam, I hold not to be a whim---It is a jewel of that inestimable value, as to be worthy of our utmost assiduity and our most strenuous exertions.

Lady Milford. (*aside*) Faulkener! no wonder thou art caught, if even I am fascinated---(*to Louisa*) But, surely child, you would not, by living with me, be obliged to set aside those plans you have laid down in order to preserve that happiness, which you so justly prize---I wish you happy, and therefore propose to you this step, which may advance your prospects in life.

Louisa. But, Madam, as we advance in life, are we always the happier?---Is content always the concomitant of wealth and state?---If my apprehensions be just, the increase of riches does not in the smallest degree tend to enhance our comforts; but very often to augment our causes of discontent---Let us but watch the peasant's face---Is it not blithsome, gay, and easy?---Day after day to him is still the same---Scene after scene is still alike; and yet he lacks for nought---

Soon as he wakes, he knows his whole day's work; and his mind turns on that his only care—His labour o'er, homeward he bends his way; and joining his sweet fireside, he feels not a wish uncrowned—But, what is the security to this peasant's bliss?—Is it not his confined mind, his bounded notions, his contracted views?—Nature in him is satisfied, possessing all that she desires—Having each wish of his heart gratified, he cannot ask for more, knowing not what he should demand.

Lady Milford. (aside) What a godlike mind!—
(*to Louisa*) True, Miss Louisa, but you have said nothing yet to substantiate your objections to live with me.

Louisa. Lady Milford, you said just now, that you wished me happy—then leave me to my humble lot—
(*approaching Lady Milford, and with feeling*) Are you happy Madam?—Does the inward festivity of that heart (*laying her hand on Lady Milford's heart*) answer to this external glitter? (*pointing to the splendour of Lady Milford's dress*)——(*looking at her with great softness*) Is every beat the throb of content; and each tumult the tumult of bliss?—Suppose we were to exchange bosom for bosom—destiny for destiny—and then were I to make a solemn appeal to you to declare the person benefited; on whom, think you, would the decision fall?

Lady Milford. (much agitated and throwing herself on the sofa) No, girl, no—this elevation of mind you never could acquire from your father—but I find the lessons of another tutor.

Louisa. If in my language you can discern that tutor's instructions, (*with pointed expression*) how came it to pass, Madam, that you just now thought proper to propose to the pupil of such a tutor the offer even of a servant's place?

Lady Milford. (*rising in anger*) Oh! this is no longer to be borne—But hear, presumptuous girl—I know all—I am acquainted with all your hellish tricks—but henceforth dare not to look on him with the eye of love; or even to meet from him a glance, which passion may denote—else, fear my fury;—for I am mighty and can do wonders—And, if I be not obeyed; if on him thine eye shoot the faintest beam of love, by the eternal powers I swear, you are for ever lost.

Louisa. Beyond all possible recovery, Madam, when once (*pointedly*) you force him to love you.

Lady Milford. I understand you, Miss—but I am above accepting his love on those terms—I will suppress this shameful passion;—obtain a victory over my own heart, but still defeat your plans—Yes, rocks and mountains will I raise, to sever your fond hearts—a very fury I will rage around you to confute your schemes:—My name like a hideous ghost shall haunt your cursed home; hold each warm kiss from off your glowing lips, and check each folly in its very birth—then, that young blooming form, locked in his arms, panting and trembling in his warm embrace, I will plunder with these destructive hands; till each attraction cease, and beauty fade——To spoil enjoyment is enjoyment still.

Louisa. Oh Lady Milford!—Do not stamp upon your heart a calumny which it does not deserve—As soon as your bosom will have re-assumed its wonted calmness, you will recoil at the dismal effect of passion; and find yourself unable to put your threats into execution—Be assured, that you will not be inclined to torture a poor creature, who has never done the least thing to injure you; and whose sole offence is that of having loved—Now, Madam, only see the difference between you and me—I not only feel, but also respect every tumult and emotion of that heart, which has been agitated like mine by one common object—In testimony of this assertion—

Lady Milford. (*stopping her and quite softened by Louisa's impressive speech*) No more, sweet girl, lovely, noble, godlike Louisa!—Can you forgive a heart, by fury torn?—Believe me, there was no meaning in my threats; for I knew not what I said—Not a single hair upon your head shall be hurt by me—I will cherish you as a friend and as a sister—ask what you will, it shall be granted—your father is poor—here take these jewels, (*taking some of her jewels from her hair*) take any thing you wish for—I will sell my wardrobe, carriages, horses—all, all are yours (*dropping her voice*) Only renounce him.

Louisa. Oh Madam!—were I sure, that you do not hold me in derision; and that you were not accessory to that fatal letter—

Lady Milford. What letter?—I know of none—By all that is sacred, I know of no letter.

Louisa. No?—(*with great emotion*) Take him then away, Madam—Willingly do I resign to you that man,

whom with the very grapples of Hell you could not have wrenched from my bleeding side-- But, take him away—the world's no more to me—Unknowingly, perhaps, do you rob Heaven of two lovers; and tear asunder two hearts, which God himself united—Unknowingly, perhaps, do you crush a poor wretch, whom Heaven created to be happy as well as you—A creature, whose heart is equally susceptible of every tender emotion as your's; a being, who prized the glow and throb of delight with rapture at least as fierce---But, take him away—now he is yours--(*wildly*) Drag him to the altar---Rush into his arms---But, have a care that the ghost of a self-murderer do not stalk along the hallowed aisle, to interrupt the marriage rites; and step with violence 'twixt the bridal kifs. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.—LADY MILFORD, *alone.*

Lady Milford. (much agitated; her looks directed to the door, where Louisa went out) How was that?—What said she? Heavens!—those horrid sounds still vibrate in my ear—Take him away—Whom, hapless girl?—The gift of thy last hour?—The dreadful legacy of thy despair?—Eternal God?—Am I then fallen so low—all at once so precipitated from my throne of greatness, as to take advantage of liberality's kind gift?—Nay even a beggar's mite, her last and only mite?—Louisa, No—Jane Milford has a mind as well as you; and can renounce a passion, though it should cost her many a pang—Seducing scenes of love farewell!—Image of Faulkener! for ever quit my sight---To every fond deluding hope, to every golden vision of romantic blifs I bid adieu!—Generosity must be now my guide—Either this fond pair are lost; or I must withdraw all former claims—(*pause*) 'Tis done---I leave

the court this day; for, here to stay, after what has passed—that will not even bear a thought—I am resolved—every bar is removed, and every difficulty achieved—Each shameful tie between the Prince and me with a willing hand I break; and draw a curtain upon all past scenes---I'll instantly write to his Highness; and inform him, that, before he receive my letter, I shall have for ever abandoned him and his court——(*with self satisfaction*) The thought how glorious!---The resolve how sweet!--Henceforth, Oh Virtue! be my constant guide; and steer me safely to thy realms of peace: Thy blissful barriers I'll no more o'erleap, but firmly cling to rectitude and truth:—— Bear me, Oh! bear me from these baneful climes, where lurking vipers mental rest corrode; where dire contagion's dart its flight doth wing; frail mortal reaches, and his manners taints; infects his habits, and his mind corrupts:---But if, like me, by thy blest'd power relieved, the path of evil he would haste to shun:—like me, degenerate vice he would abhor, and fly those regions, once delight's gay throne:—— And though with self-upbraiding shame oppress'd, on the sad retrospect of former days; his prayer to Heav'n, like mine, would still be this; that, though to mercy ev'ry claim be lost:——though he have trespass'd 'gainst the shrine of faith; still, life's grand bliss he fondly hopes to share, in the enjoyment of that grace divine, which to affliction yields a grateful balm; and to past gifts those peerless treasures adds--- a mind to relish and a heart to feel.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*The dusk of the evening—A Room in MILLER'S House.*

(The scene discovers LOUISA sitting in a corner of the room in a disconsolate posture. After a long pause, MILLER enters with a lantern in his hand; looks anxiously about the room, without perceiving his daughter; then lays his hat on the table, and sets the lantern down.)

MILLER.

WHAT!—not here neither?—*(wringing his hands)* Good God! I can no more—Each street I have traversed—At every door I have knocked; but no one has beheld my child—*(a short pause)* Oh Heavenly Powers!—If this fond father's heart glow with too warm affection for this child, let me not know the doom I dread—Let me not live to feel this worst of human ills; but, kindly snatch me from so dire a scene; and in death's sleep end each corroding pang.

Louisa. (in a plaintive voice) Why mourns my father thus?

Miller. (overjoyed) And can it be?—It is—It is my own Louisa—But why thus all alone, and in the dark?

Louisa, When thus I am wrapped in fullen night, with me doth all seem well; for, to me sweetly congenial is the fable gloom.

Miller. Did I not know your mind's unfullied purity, I should think that guilt had prompted this sad lower; for, what but minds, that are corrupt, thus shun the light?

Louisa. Ah father!—here is your inference not nice enough—Oh! for once, away with common notions, and prescribed ideas—Off from the beaten track; and, with a clear acumen consider a female's mind—They call us soft and weak; poor even in thought, and timid in resolve—So indeed sometime we are—But, when once the fibres of the mind are strung; once roused the passions that awake the soul; trust me, by the bold nerve of intellect is our sex as well marked as your's—Father, will you take charge of this letter?

Miller. To whom, Louisa?

Louisa. Singular question indeed—To whom should it be but to Ferdinand, the spring of my every thought.

Miller. (alarmed) Louisa, I am determined to open this letter?

Louisa. Do as you will; but you will learn nothing—Dark is the character, in which each line is traced—No eye, save that of love, can see the drift; but passion's ken will find, that with emphatic meaning every word is fraught.

Miller. (reads) “Ferdinand, thou art betrayed---By
“a villainy unparalleled, the ties, which so sweetly
“united our faith, are dissolved---A tremendous oath
“has fettered my tongue; and thy father's listeners
“watch all around---Yet my beloved, if, like me,
“all fear thou deride; and like me, with courage
“be armed, I know a third place, where weak is the
“force of an oath; and where listeners will find no access—
(Miller pauses here, and looks Louisa earnestly in the face)

Louisa. Why that earnest look, father?

Miller. (*proceeding with the letter*) “With un-
“shakeable firmness thou must wander through a long
“dark passage; thou must pierce the black regions,
“where thou wilt find Louisa thy guide—Tenderness
“must pervade thy whole frame—The breath thou
“breathest, must be the very breath of love—Louisa
“the grand goal of desire—If thus inflexibly thy mind
“be nerved, haste away when the clock of the
“Carmelite steeple strikes twelve—But if soul thou
“do lack; and like a tame dastard do shudder and
“shrink, dash out the word courageous from thy sex;
“for, a maiden overwhelms thee with shame.”

Miller. (*looks at Louisa for some time very fixedly, then in a low trembling voice*) And this third place, Louisa?

Louisa. Seek not to know it—It will be in vain; Ferdinand will find it.

Miller. Name it, my child; nor keep me longer in suspense.

Louisa. I know no soft and lovely name that suits it—O love! hadst thou created titles, then what a name would this heavenly spot have had?—This third place, my good father, is, (*looking at him pointedly*)—the grave.

Miller. (*staggering to a chair*) Oh Heavens!

Louisa. Doth brightness terrify; or doth beauty appal?—Why so shocked?—’Tis but the name that is so hideous—Away with little fears!—What is in a name?—Do I not invite him to the sweet abode of

peace?—To the mansions of the blessed?—Suppress this dread; and keep in view the dazzling edifice of eternal bliss——: hither I bend my way—'Tis time to shift this dismal scene—High time to withdraw, when every moment we feel that we are scorned.

Miller Then all my comfort is to learn, that suicide is your fixed intent — Oh God!—Suicide, that most tremendous of crimes!—Of which to repent, no space of time is allowed; for, the very moment of guilt is the period of life.

Louisa. (*sitting on the chair near the table, and hiding her face with her hands*) Merciful powers!

Miller. (*warmly*) Oh Louisa!—If in that heart of yours, there still be room to feel for him, whom once you gave the name of parent—Oh! mark my words--- Low have you bowed me, my only one; low! low! perhaps even to the grave!—Need I say, you are my all, the very idol of my soul—And will you tear yourself, my only blessing from me; and leave me destitute of all that life esteems?

Louisa. (*kissing his hand with great emotion*) Dear father, I quit this world your greatest debtor; but in the life to come I will pay your fondness ten fold back.

Miller. (*fixing her with his eye*) Take heed, my child, that your reckoning be not false—(*proceeding in a solemn manner*) Shall we there meet, Louisa?—On that grand and solemn day, when the avenging hand of the most High will punish every act, repugnant to the law of faith—(*Louisa falls on her father's neck; he continuing with great earnestness*) On that awful day,

when the final doom of all must be according to the work achieved, vain will be the voice of supplication—vain a fond father's intercession—The Judge of mankind will hold the scale of equity; and must be deaf to entreaty and prayer—(*with great feeling*) How then?—Unhappy girl, how then?

Louisa. (*clinging around her father's neck*) Father, forbear—forebear.

Miller. Once more I warn you—Each faculty of thought collect—To follow your bier to the tomb would almost turn my brain; but (*shuddering*) thus to see you rush into your Maker's presence——

Louisa. (*stopping him, violently agitated*) Hold here, for mercy's sake, my father.

Miller. (*very warmly*) Call me not so—you are no more my child—and, to the weight of sins, wherewith you are oppressed, add that, of having drawn upon yourself—a father's curse. [*Rushing out of the room.*]

Louisa. (*falling on her knee and stopping him*) One moment stay—You must not leave me thus—What should I do to regain my father's love?

Miller. If the kisses and caresses of a lover more warmly animate you, than the tears, and sobs of a father——die.

Louisa. (*after a violent conflict*) I am—I am again your child—Oh! how weak is all, when weighed against a father's love and tenderness!—Ferdinand, thus I sacrifice thee; (*tearing the letter*) and thus I seal a parent's peace and comfort.

Miller. Merciful Heaven!—Let this act be recorded on high—(*overjoyed falling on his knee*) Let this mark

of elasticity of mind be stamped on the annals of truth—To each parent I turn, to attest this bright deed, as now is instanced in my heaven-born child.

Louisa. Cease, father, cease—nor let me hear my nothings thus extolled—My own heart's pleasure is sufficient praise—*(hearing some one coming)* Quick let us away—I hear some one.

SCENE II.—*Enter FERDINAND.*

Louisa. *(shrieking she throws herself on her father's neck)* Heavens!—'Tis he!—'Tis he!—I am lost.

Miller. Who?—Where?

Louisa. *(her face turned from Ferdinand)* 'Tis he himself!—To murder me he is come!

Miller. *(perceiving Ferdinand and starting back)* You here Major Faulkner?

Ferdinand. *(he slowly approaches; then goes up to Louisa, and looks her sternly in the face—a short pause)* Mark the intallible declaration of conscience—Thanks for this surprise—The avowal is terrible, but clear; and happily saves the pain of further enquiry—Good evening, Miller.

Miller. What brings you hither Major?—Why thus take us by surprise, when we so little thought of seeing you?

Ferdinand. I have known the time, when for my coming every minute of the day was told—when anxious longing hung on every hour; and when by fond desire the lazy-pacing clock was chidden—Then, Louisa, some one was wont to exclaim “With what

a heavy and retarding weight doth expectation load the wings of time!"—(*turning to Miller*) Whence, friend, this wondrous change?

Miller. Major, I pray you, go—Depart, if yet one spark of pity dwell within your breast—Before you entered my house, sweet was the meal of the day: No wish we could form was uncrowned: Uncloudy each morn and each eve: But, since that fatal day, when first you saw this hapless maid, misery has pierced the roof, which till then was the abode of content.

Ferdinand. Cheer up, cheer up, old friend—Tidings of joy I come to communicate—Hopes, substantial hopes, I come now to impart.

Miller. Major, mock not thus distress—Hopes to us?—Then from the very ashes of despair these hopes must spring—No—No—No No——To us set is the bright planet of hope.

Ferdinand. Lady Milford, the most dreaded obstacle to our love, has just left the country—Nothing else is talked of—My father now consents to our union——Fortune at length is propitious to our wishes; and I come to claim my lovely bride.

Miller. (*to Louisa, who during this scene is seated by the table, her head sunk on her arm*) Regard him not, Louisa; nor let his insults add to your distress.

Ferdinand. You think I am in jest—By Heavens I am not—My heart is open as my speech—There is Louisa's throne—What! still the mien of chilling doubt?—Not yet the timid blush of joy upon those beautiful cheeks?—Wonderful!—Falsehood must in-

deed here be current coin, when sterling truth meets such distrust—Believe then here a written evidence of purity and truth—(*throwing before Louisa her letter to the Baron*)

Louisa. (*opens the letter and sinks down quite oppressed, as soon as she finds it to be that, written by her to the Baron.*)

Miller. (*without observing Louisa, to Ferdinand*) What mean you by that letter, Major?—I do not understand you.

Ferdinand. (*pointing to Louisa*) Ask her, old man!—Too well she has understood me.

Miller. (*seeing Louisa pale*) Oh Heavens!—my child!

Ferdinand. Pale as death!—Never before did she so beauteous seem—With that death-like face, what charms till now unseen!—Conscience!—Conscience!—Thy voice how comprehensive!—Thy compunction how eloquent!—To my struck mind appears the grand effect of the last judgment's blast, that will from subtle falsehood's mien tear the very gloss, which in this miserable world so often cheats fair rectitude's aim; preys on integrity's truth; and makes us wretched mortals bear woe's galling fetters; till, at length, harassed by rubs, we buckle on misanthroph's garb; lose all cordial confidence towards human kind; are foes to all, and think all foes to us—Oh heavy, heavy doom!—Here (*pointing to Louisa*) is that gloss removed—Here is her first true face—There I will plant a kiss—(*going to kiss Louisa*)

Miller. (*stepping between him and Louisa*) Stand back! young man!—Do not thus harrow up a father's heart—From your insidious caresses I could not guard her; but, from your insults, I can and will.

Ferdinand. Old man, you much mistake me—Each parental feeling of yours I consider and respect—But, be advised—take henceforth no part in a game, so clearly lost—My business now is not with you——'Tis with Louisa I must speak—(*taking the letter out of Louisa's hand*) Say, wretched girl, is that letter thine?

Miller. (*earnestly*) Daughter be firm—For Heaven's sake now be firm.

Louisa. Oh! my father, that letter——

Ferdinand. Which by chance fell into my hands—Chance do I call it?—Oh Providence!—Dark and intricate, but wisely ordained are all thy ways—When but a sparrow falls, thy goodness is exerted—Why not when a demon is unmasked? I will be answered——Didst thou write that letter?

Miller. (*aside, imploring her by signs*) Steady, dear girl—Steady—But a bare yes, and the conflict is past

Ferdinand. What! The father too deceived?—Well! each is cheated in his turn—Look how my fair one trembles!—Determined, but half afraid, longer the mask to wear—Swear by thy God, the symbol of truth—Didst thou write that letter?

Louisa. (*after a struggle, in which she and Miller converse by looks*). I did write that letter.

Ferdinand. (*stands terrified*) Louisa—No—If my pulse beat, 'tis false—If I still move, and have my be-

ing, it is false—Thou dost avow this crime, like the poor innocent wretch, from whom, when stretched upon the infernal rack, confession is forced of guilt, which never stained his mind—I was too violent—Was I not, Louisa?—and that letter thou didst not write.

Louisa. It was indeed truth which I confessed.

Ferdinand. (*warmly*) 'Twas not—'Twas not---I say--'twas not---It is not within possibility's capacious sphere, that now thou dost speak truth—So conscious am I of it, that I again do ask, if that damned scrawl was penned by thee or not---But, no---I ask it not---I ask it not---lest, peradventure, another yes, tremendous as the former was, should strike my astonished ear; and hurl me into misery's abyss, whence no exit I should ever know—(*short pause, during which he contemplates Louisa with admiration*) But yes--(*animated*) my whole stock of bliss I'll stake upon this angel's brow; for, it appears to me, as easily could I with these two hands the earth's big chaos grasp; as that a mind of such seraphick sweetness could thus beguile the cause of truth—(*turning to Louisa*) Louisa, free from all doubt, I ask thee—Didst thou write that letter?

Louisa. Then by the God of all—I did.

Ferdinand. (*thunderstruck and falling against the scene*) Merciful Heavens!

(*Here it is left to the judgment of the actor, how to express the anguish, which this last declaration of Louisa occasions—Let the actor sufficiently weigh Ferdinand's present dreadful state of mind, and he will readily allow, that it would have been a gross violation of nature, to have made*

Ferdinand here roar out a long speech, indicative of the agony experienced ; since it is a very prevalent opinion amongst those who know the human mind, that all violent emotions are not expressed by speech ;—judicious looks, gesticulation, properly adapted to the situation, denote mental disquiet with far greater effect.—During this struggle of Ferdinand's, Louisa's eyes should be rivetted on him, watching him with all imaginable anxiety ; and they ought to express the lively concern which she takes in his distress — On the other hand, Miller's whole manner should discover the distrust which he has of Louisa's firmness on this occasion ; and he ought to be constantly endeavouring, though in vain, to avert her attention.)

Ferdinand. One more request—*(with an almost totally exhausted voice)* It is the last—My head burns—*Louisa!* will you make me a glass of lemonade?

Louisa. This moment—*(with great feeling)* Only be composed! *[leaves the room.]*

SCENE III.—FERDINAND and MILLER.

As soon as Louisa leaves the room, Ferdinand walks up and down for some minutes, arms across, head sunk—At length Miller with the voice of pity says to him)

Miller. Dear Major, how from my heart I pity you!

Ferdinand. O!—away with pity, my good friend, if that be all the comfort you can give—*(continuing to walk about)* Miller, at this moment I can scarcely tell, what brought me hither.

Miller. Surely, sir, you have not forgot, that you sometimes come here to learn to play upon the flute.

Ferdinand. True—True—I fondly thought, that, where the soft charms of musick were known; there the mind, by harmony attuned, turned on sincerity's pole, and echoed to concord's mild sounds—But, harsh have been the tones of our flute—(*falling upon Miller's neck*) But, you are not to blame, old man!—The fault is not in you.

Miller. No—as I hope for mercy, it is not.

Ferdinand. (*short pause—walking again up and down the room*)

Miller. I cannot conceive, what thus detains Louisa—With your leave, Major, I'll see for the lemonade.

Ferdinand. No haste, good Miller—(*aside*) especially not for you, old man—What was I going to say?—Oh—I recollect—Louisa is not your only child?

Miller. She is my only child; nor do I wish for more—In her is centred all my joy, my sole delight—My girl just fills up all the room within her father's heart—(*weeping*) And whilst with her I am blessed, I shall always say, that I am, though poor, a very very happy man.

Ferdinand. (*violently agitated*) Ha!--see for the drink good Miller.

SCENE IV.

FERDINAND *alone.*

His only child?—Oh heavens!—All his stock of happiness in this wide world?—Murderer! feelst thou that? Deprive a venerable poor old man of the last gleam of comfort!—Am I then grown so callous?—What! Dash the crutch, on which the cripple leaned, in pieces before his feet?—(*short pause*) And when with soft affection's throb he hurries home, eager in his Louisa's face to cast up the sum of all his joy—Good God! will he not find her lifeless on the bed of death?—Clay-cold each animated charm of loveliness and youth?—Have I a heart for that?—No—no—no—I will proceed no further in this plan—Here let me pause; and of this picture take a sad survey—(*another short pause*)—Soft! soft!—A ray of radiant light breaks forth—(*again fixed in thought*) Oh! I am shallow-minded, and lack the faculty and power to distinguish between the amiably and insidiously disposed; for, can she, whose corrupt mind can thus dwell on duplicity's wiles, thus doat on hypocrisy's arts, be formed to watch around an aged father's bed; and smooth the brow of care?—No—Impossible!—By the hand above, that heart was never framed to perform those tender offices of sweet filial piety, which could thus renounce the lovely dictates of tenderness; and thus vilely abuse passion's sacred and refined glow. Then why so timid?—Why shrink from that which

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merit

merit and not cruelty reflects?—Who knows, what heart-rending pangs by this one act I may a father save?—For one, whose nature thus clings to mischief and deceit, is capable of all—(*in thought for a moment*)—It is resolved!

SCENE V.

FERDINAND, MILLER, and LOUISA.

Louisa. (*with a faltering voice, handing Ferdinand the glass of lemonade*) If it be not to your liking, Major Faulkener, you will be so good as to mention it.

Ferdinand. (*takes the glass, sets it down, and goes up to Miller*) My good Miller, I had nearly forgotten something—Will you do me a favour?

Miller. With the greatest pleasure, sir.

Ferdinand. I am at this hour expected at my father's to supper—But I am just now in such miserable spirits, that all company would be absolutely intolerable to me—Will you just step, and leave word that I am prevented joining the party?

Louisa. Father, let me go—I shall soon be back.

Miller. No—No—I will go—'Tis dark, child.

Ferdinand. And besides, here is a letter directed to him—It came this evening enclosed in one to me—Will you take charge of it; and deliver it to his private secretary?

Louisa. (*alarmed at the thought of being left alone with Ferdinand*) But, father, I could do this as well as you—Let me go, I pray.

Miller. You go, Louisa?—At this time of the night? and alone too?—No—No—No—I shall return in a few minutes—(*goes*)

Ferdinand. 'Tis quite dark, Louisa—You had better light your father—(*As soon as Louisa leaves the room with the candle, in order to light her father, he goes to the table, and puts poison into the lemonade*) By Heaven it is decreed!—She falls!—The powers above give the terrible nod of assent—Her guardian angel sleeps—and vengeance is awake!!!

SCENE VI.

FERDINAND and LOUISA.

(*Louisa returns slowly with the light, sets it down, looking at Ferdinand with great fear and anxiety—Then she places herself at the harpsichord which is at one side of the room.*)

(*A long and expressive silence should precede this scene*)

Louisa. Major Faulkener, I wish that you would take your flute; and we would play this lesson together.

Ferdinand. (*fixed in thought, and gloomy, he makes no answer—pause.*)

Louisa. Or, at a game at chess, shall I take the revenge which, you know, you owe me?—Shall we play?

Ferdinand. (*as before, he makes no answer—another pause*)

Louisa. But perhaps you would like better to retaliate upon me at your favourite game of *Piquet*—
(*Ferdinand makes no answer*) Major Faulkener, I have just finished drawing the pattern for the waistcoat, which I promised to embroider for you; would you like to see it?

Ferdinand. (*head sunk and lost in thought, he makes no answer—pause.*)

Louisa. Oh!—I am very wretched.

Ferdinand. Art thou indeed?—That may well be true.

Louisa. As I apprehended, Major Faulkener, we do not suit each other at this moment—We are wretched company one to another—I trembled, I confess, at the thought of our being left alone, when just now you sent my father away.

Ferdinand. (*with affected levity*) We mope too much to night, to be sure—Suppose we call in some of the neighbours; and of this tedious duet make a merry quintetto—Ay, by my honour, the cleverest thought, in a situation like ours—We will be sprightly, and laugh at dull care; and, by the help of some sons of gay mirth, we will try to revenge ourselves on all the silly high-flown reveries of passion and love.

Louisa. (*looking at him with surprise*) Ferdinand Faulkener!

Ferdinand. (*pursuing the strain of levity*) Nay! why not?—Thou, Louisa, must be the very first to say, that they are all mere fools, who constantly prate of never fading affection, and everlasting love—Eternal fame,

ness palls—Variety, dear, dear variety only forms the soul of delight—(*aside, finding himself unable to support this levity any longer*) Oh Heavens!—That word must be the very last—I can no longer thus dissemble.

Louisa. (with feeling) Oh Faulkener! Faulkener!—How it grieves me to see thee so wretched!

Ferdinand. I wretched?—Who has told thee so?—Woman!—Too fiend-like art thou to feel—How then of others the sensations weigh?—So—So—She knew, how her medicine would operate;—Death and perdition!—She knew all this; and yet could—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—thus whelm me in agony's gulf—(*bitterly*) Serpent!—This avowal seals thy doom—Had I not heard that word, to thy folly's madness I should have imputed thy crime; and in the bosom of contempt have buried all my rage—But now—now—(*striking his forehead*) So, when this imp's trick thou playedst, thou didst it not in vile imbecility's form, but in that of the very demon of malice and guile—(*he snatches the glass and drinks*) The lemonade is tasteless—(*sneering horridly and shaking*) Sadly flat—Taste it!

Louisa. Oh Heavens!--Groundless were not my terrors for this scene.

Ferdinand. (in a commanding manner) Taste it!

Louisa. (takes the glass and drinks)

Ferdinand. (turns away, with a sudden paleness, to the farthest corner of the room, as soon as she begins to drink)

Louisa. The lemonade is good.

Ferdinand. (*shuddering with horror*) May good come of it then!

Louisa. Oh Faulkener!—Didst thou but know, how cruelly thou wrongst my heart.

Ferdinand. (*looks at her, but makes no reply*)

Louisa. The time will come, Ferdinand.

Ferdinand. (*looks again severely at her, but says nothing*)

Louisa. Yes, Ferdinand, a time indeed will come, when thou wilt own, how cruelly hard is my lot.

Ferdinand. (*walks about with increasing animation, becoming every moment more and more disturbed*) Good God!—(*taking off his sword, and looking at it with great emotion*) Once my pride!—my glory—my delight—farewell!—(*throwing it away*) My steel alas! will shine no more!—My sinewy arm I shall no longer tofs!—My country—my dear native country I can serve no more!

Louisa. My God!—what is the matter with you?

Ferdinand. Oh!—only a little too confined---Now I shall be more at ease.

Louisa. You had better drink a little more of the lemonade---That will cool you.

Ferdinand. That is true---The wench is kind---But that they all are.

Louisa. (*throwing herself into his arms with the utmost tenderness*) Do I live to hear this from my Ferdinand?

Ferdinand. (*rejecting her embrace*) Away!—we have done with that—No more of thy insidious lures—

None of those soft and melting looks—Thy languishing eye I now behold with antipathy—Serpent with the tongue of guile, thou mayst now, if thou wilt, dart on me thy deadly venom—Armed with grisly terror, thou mayst now try to destroy me by thy touch; but mark—now I am awake; and thy fell aim I can parry with might.

Louisa. That it should come to this!—(*going up the stage*)

Ferdinand. (*looking after her with admiration*) And still what harmony of form!—What perfect symmetry!—All so divinely beauteous!—In every part the work of Heaven's most happy hour!—Celestial powers! I do not murmur, nor rebel;—but, in a clime so exquisite, why should the dire blast of infection be known?

Louisa. Am I doomed to hear this?—And yet to undeceive him I dare not attempt.

Ferdinand. And then that heavenly melody of voice, so in concord with that soft look of melancholy, which captivates the soul—Oh!—would not one have thought, that she was the very mirror of sweetness and love, reflecting at once all that the high hand of Providence could give, even when most disposed to bless?—What pity, that, when by the Creator's hand, that grand, noble, finishing touch was given, the framing heart and mind—Good God!—How in that moment erred thy mighty arm!

Louisa. (*aside*) Rebellious youth!--Even at the throne of Heaven he dares to level his attack.

Ferdinand. (*falling upon her neck*) Once again, Louisa—Once again let me fold thee in these arms, as on that day, when in my heart dawned affection's first morn: When o'er thy lovely form, fixed and enraptured I hung; and from thy Ferdinand's breast the first sigh of love was revealed—(*animated*) Oh Louisa! call to mind that bright hour, when first faltered my name on thy tongue; and soft tenderness flowed from thy lips——Heavens!—How then throbbed my warm heart with content!—How glowed my fond mind with delight!—The very harvest of joy seemed at hand; and attained the summit of bliss—But, now——here (*pointing to the heart*) rankles the dart of distress;—here (*striking his forehead with anguish*) grows black misery's fang; and horror is around me as light——Where'er I look, I behold destruction's fell fiend——Wherefoe'er I turn, I feel the harrowing gripe of that monster despair——(*in tears*) Oh Louisa! Louisa! Louisa!—why was I thus cruelly deceived?

Louisa. Faulkener! Faulkener!—I stop not thy tears——Weep on—Weep on—Check not the kindly gush——To thy tears I am entitled, but not to thy wrath.

Ferdinand. Oh! be not deceived—From the source of dejection these tears do not flow—Those are precious, to mine if compared——Not those pearly drops that start from the bright humid eye, when the heart with mild tenderness melts—Not the gush of affection's sweet spring; nor the torrent of rapture's warm stream——Touched are then sensibility's chords;—awake each fine nerve——The tear then is the symbol of com-

fort, not sorrow—But mine are like the sad maniac's groans, which only re-echo the first cause of his wildness and woe.

Louisa. Oh spare me Faulkener!—Spare my aching breast! Durst I but open these lips, thy ears I could stun with surprise:—But, by the decree of stern fate, my tongue is clogged with the bars of restraint; and, whilst there those fetters remain, discord must sever our hearts, and our minds can know no relief.

Ferdinand. What meanst thou by restraint?—If now obligation's curs'd shackles thou feel, Oh!—'tis time to loosen them all—If even by oaths thou be bound, forget them now; for, at hand is the hour, which all human ties must dissolve—Oh Louisa, declare—this moment declare—How long has the Baron thy love?

Louisa. Ask what thou wilt, for ever are sealed my lips.

Ferdinand. (*very pointedly*) For thy own sake I implore thee to say——Has the Baron thy love or esteem?

Louisa. (*makes no answer——pause.*)

Ferdinand. Oh Louisa! the sands of life are rapidly running away—Then do not tarry; but say, has the Baron thy love or regard?

Louisa. (*makes no answer——pause*)

Ferdinand. Oh!—knew thou but all, with haste wouldst thou solve every doubt; and each flying moment thou would'st strive to keep back——(*in a low voice*) Louisa! Louisa! Short——Oh short is thy time, here on earth!

Louisa. (looks at him fearfully, but says nothing — pause.)

Ferdinand. (in great agitation) Well then in thunder thus—Speak—How long has the Baron thy love?—(falling on one knee, and grasping her hand eagerly; then with great emotion) Louisa! Before this taper burn out, thou wilt be——no more.

Louisa. (terrified) Gracious God!——What is all this? (sinking down again upon the chair) and now I am feeble and faint.

Ferdinand. What!—Already?—Mysterious indeed?—Those very nerves, unmoved, when the base act of guilt was performed—unshaken, when the comfort of man was at stake, by a poor grain of arsenic are fully destroyed.

Louisa. Ha! Poison! Poison!——Oh Heavenly Powers!

Ferdinand. Yes Louisa, when that drink thou didst taste, at that moment thou signedst death's bond.

Louisa. Is it indeed so?—Death?—Death!—Immediate death!—Father of mercy!—disregard me not.

Ferdinand. (looks at her with all imaginable anxiety.)

Louisa. (growing weaker and weaker) Oh my poor father!—Ferdinand can nothing save me?—I speak for my father's sake.

Ferdinand. Nothing can save thee, Louisa——But be at peace—I shall close my eyes with thee—Hence we depart together.

Louisa. Ha!—Thou too Ferdinand?—Poison from thee?—Oh God of goodness!—On him turn thy meek eye of forgiveness.

Ferdinand. Look to thy own account, Louisa—
That way I dread to think.

Louisa. Ferdinand, Ferdinand—I can no longer be
silent—I am now about to tell thee something
which will almost petrify thee.

Ferdinand. (*with great avidity*) Ha!—Speak!—
Speak!

Louisa. Death annuls every oath; therefore, now,
though too late, I will tell thee a truth, which, if
sooner divulged, might have saved and preserved
us both.

Ferdinand. What do I hear?—Impossible!

Louisa. The whole earth contains not a wretch so
miserable as thou art; for——innocent I die.

Ferdinand. (*thunderstruck*) What!—What!—
Recollect thyself—Declare the truth, even awful
though it be—and swear——

Louisa. By what?

Ferdinand. (*eagerly*) By what is dearest to thy part-
ing soul.

Louisa. Then let me swear by our first kiss of love,
affection's balmy pledge—By that I swear, that, since
that hour, when first by tender concord and assent we
sealed our mutual vows, I never have been false to
my Faulkener, innocence, or truth—And what im-
ports that letter, which thus fatally destroys us both—
(*feeling the poison*, Oh! What shoots through all my
veins? Ferdinand, now I may speak—Alas! that
letter.

Ferdinand. Ha!—that letter!—I charge thee—
Speak, I do conjure thee, speak!

Louisa. (*speaking with difficulty, from extreme weakness*) Oh! dearest Ferdinand, that letter—Call up all thy mind to hear a dreadful tale—that letter—Oh!—that fatal letter was wrung from me by thy father—What my hand wrote, my heart abhorred.

Ferdinand. (*clasping his hands towards Heaven, and all at once falling prostrate on the ground*) Oh inhuman father!

Louisa. (*in agony*) Oh!—now the poison works—
Ferdinand, forgive—'twas—all—by—force
—(*Ferdinand supports her*) Thy—Louisa—would
—have—preferred—even—death—But
—'twas—from—prison—to—release—
my—father—also—I—cannot—tell—
thee—all—*sinking more and more.*)

Ferdinand. Heaven of my heart!—Quit me not thus.

Louisa. My—head—turns—round—All
—is—dark—Blessings—on—thee—
my—dearest—Ferdinand!—Oh Heaven!—
Mercy!—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—(*dies*)

Ferdinand. (*sinking down by the body*) Angel of Heaven!—fly me not thus—Nor leave me to madness a prey!

President. (*without*) Is my son here?—Where can I find my son?

SCENE *the last.**Enter* PRESIDENT.

President. (*Ferdinand's letter in his hand*) What can this mean, my son?—I hope not——

Ferdinand. 'Tis now too late to hope—Murderer! see your work—(*pointing to the body of Louisa*) Gaze on her, who is alas!—no more—She was my sweet Louisa—See you that mild angelick face? It was——the mirror of truth——There fix your looks——How lovely is she, even in death!—Attempered to the ties of tenderness was her mind——Yet my father has deprived her of life——(*in agony*) Ha!—'Tis well—I feel the potent draught.

President. My son!—my son!—Is there no remedy?

Ferdinand. None.——None——You have cast the fatal die——She sleeps alas! to wake no more!

President, (*trying to take Ferdinand's hand*) Your hand, good Ferdinand.

Ferdinand. (*refuses giving his father his hand, shaking his head.*)

President. Who so miserable as I am?

Miller. (*behind the scenes*) Louisa! Louisa! my child! my child!

Enter MILLER.

Miller. Where are you my girl?—Louisa, where are you? They talk of poison——poison is the cry—(*seeing Louisa dead, he shrieks out*) Who has done

this?—My only one, speak!—(*receiving no answer, he takes her hand*) What!——lifeless?——Gracious Powers!——Major!——explain.

Ferdinand. (pointing to the President) Look to my father for Louisa's life——He tore her from me——He could not bear to see the angel live.

Miller. (Falls on one side of Louisa's body, Ferdinand being on the other, whence he does not move during the remaining part of the scene.)

Ferdinand. (with a faint voice) I come Louisa—soon we shall be again united——No power, or time will part us then, soon we shall meet in those brighter regions, where no shaft of malice can ever reach us——(*in agony, and in broken accents*) Ha!—cruel poison!——'Tis the last struggle.

President. My dear Ferdinand! —— Can you forgive your wretched father?

Ferdinand. My moments are but short —— (*voice more and more exhausted*) Why should I disturb your future days, by withholding my forgiveness?——Take it.—(*holding his father his hand*) And so may Heaven have mercy upon me!—Ah Sir!—How glorious the certainty, that, with this my act of reconciliation, the past could be obliterated from your memory!——But, alas! I fear 'tis otherwise ordained; and that, in some future day, the idea of her (*pointing to Louisa's corpse*) mournful image will obstruct all peace—Before your steps her faded form will glide; Her dying moan, alas! will strike your conscious ear—(*in agony*) Oh! —Oh! my bursting heart!

President. (eagerly kissing Ferdinand's hand) Oh! my son, my son!—A curse on my ambitious views—A curse upon my former unkindness.

Ferdinand. Think not of it—(sinking) Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—If possible—Bright be your remaining days and Heaven grant, that you may happily close life's finishing scene!—But, my father—(pointing to Miller)—forget—not—that—broken hearted man—You have—robbed—him—of—his—all—He—is—old—and—poor——Need—I—say—more?—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—That—pang is the last—Louisa—I—come—Oh!—(dies)

President. (kneeling down by the dead body of his son.)

(The curtain falls to slow music.)

FINIS.

4 AP 54

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4 AP 54

